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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The History of the
Two Maids of More-clacke

by ROBERT ARMIN

1609

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The History of the
Two Maids of More-clacke

by ROBERT ARMIN

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The Two Maids of More-clacke

by ROBERT ARMIN

1609

Besides the original of this play, now in the British Museum, there are copies in Bodley and in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

Robert Armin was an actor as well as a dramatist. All that is known of him will be found in the late Dutton Cook's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
History of the two Maids of More-clacke

With the life and simple manner of IOHN
in the Hospitall.

Played by the Children of the Kings
Maiesties Reuels.

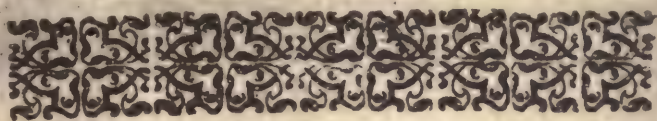
Sam

Written by ROBERT ARMIN, servant to the Kings
most excellent Maiestie.



LONDON,

Printed by N.O. for Thomas Archer, and is to be sold at his
shop in Popes-head Pallace, 1609.



To the friendly peruser.



ENTLEMEN, Cittizens, Rustickes, or quis non, I haue boldly put into your hands, a Historial discourse, acted by the boyes of the Reuels, which perchaunce in part was sometime acted more naturally in the Citty, if not in the hole. Howsoever I commit it into your hands to be scan'd, and you shall find verse, as well blancke, as crancke, yet in the prose let it passe for currant, I would haue againe inacted Iohn my selfe, but Tempora mutantur in illis, & I cannot do as I would, I haue therefore thought good to diuulge him thus being my old acquaintance, Iack, whose life I knew, and whose remembrance I presume by appearance likely. Wherein I whilome pleased: and being requested both of Court and Citty, to shew him in priuate, I haue therefore printed him in publike, wishing thus much to euery one, so delighting, I might put life into this picture, and naturally act him to your better contents; but since it may not be, my entreaty is, that you would accept this dumbe show, and be well wishing to the substance.

Yours euer as he is merry and frolicke,

ROBERT ARMIN.



The Historie of the two Maides of More-clacke.

With the life and simple manner of I O H N
i the Hospitall.

*Enter a maide strowing flowers, and a serving man perfuming the
doore.*

Maide.



S Trow, Strow.

Man. The Muskadine stayes for the bride at
Church,

The Priest and himens ceremonies tend
To make them man and wife.

Maid. By my maiden-head a ioyfulltime, ile paue their
Way with flowers.

Man. While I perfume.

Maid. Some say this widdow's rich.

Man. I will not say as poore as *Iob*, but as bare as Ianuary,
when the trees looke like a girle, whose coulour comes and
goes as frost doos in the milke.

Maid. I was wont to be a rich widdow and a poore knight,
but now false, a knight rich and the widdow poore.

Man. How euer honour is most rich, no matter who
is poore.

A

Maide.

The Historie of the two

Maid. I would my fortune were no worse

Man. Thine may be better.

Maid. So much if't be thy wil, if euer knight were
gul'd, be it in me, in me I pray. *Enter Humil.*

Hum. What are the waits of London come?

Man. Yes sir.

Hum. Play in their highest key then, *hoboyes play.*

Man. sound Hoboyes.

Hum. Make the Gods daunce, cause Iouiall mirth
Musike in heaven for this earches marriage
Is a triumphant concord to vs all,
To me tis seal'd by promise for his daughter,
Who in our blood shall sympathize, sayes I,
She shall be ours, bedded, although some
Menace a riualship, yet the sure card
Giues the trick ours, and we shall winne,
Since in my mother it doth first beginne.

*Enter the solemne shewe of the marriage, Sir William
Vergil, Earle, Lords, Auditor, Sir Rafe, Sir Ro-
bert Toures, Filbin, others.*

*Enter Lady, mistres Mary, mistres Tabitha, and some
other women for shewe.*

After all.

Enter Iames a cittizen, father to Humil.

Iames. Good morrow sir.

Humil. A good one to thy selfe, to vs tis seasond,

Iames. A marriage sir?

Hum. I and a good one friend.

Iames. Because tis rich.

Hum. Good reach at starres, y'faith tis true.

Iames. In whom sir, if I may be bold.

Hum. A knight of More-clack, to a London widow.

Iam. My burnded soule saies I, a Knight of More-
clack to the widow *Humil*, iust, tis she,

Humill.

Maides of More-clacke.

Humil. By this the blessing of the holy rights,
Relishes in them, they are married, at least
Faire for it, I must witnessse to't, fare-well. *exit.*

James. How ignorance pleades nonage, in his eie
He knowes me not, tis not the Lyons kinde,
Whose nature challenges right property.

Of perfect being, if it were,
Humil would *Humil* know, that him begot,
To be what now he is married againe,
And her first husband living, blame her not,
Tis my owne proiect, thanke my letters,
That falsifide our deaths black funerall,
Into her mornefull hearing; follow it,
Thinke on thy soule, diuide that bitter band,
Knut by the closure of a mutuall hand. *exit.*

Enter two watermen with luggedge.

Wat. I rest ye sir.

Fer. At whose suite *Wat*?

Wat. At the bridegroomes, ile not a foot further
till I haue eaz'd my shoulders.

Fer. No nor I, we are asses right, we carry pro-
uender, but are not the better for't.

Wat. As how?

Fer. Thou't not belecue breads bread, till it be
tasted, I say to thee, in this trunk is prouender.

Wat. be an asse till thou proue it.

Fer. Heres money which will buy it.

Vvat O by a figure, I say to thee thou art an asse.
How?

Wat. By thy burthen.

Fer. No otherwise, thats not so good.

Vvat. Because thou hast eares.

Fer. Are all asses that haue eares?

Wat. Are all trunks laden with money that are heavy?

Fer. indeede I confesse in that I am an asse, but I thinke so.

Wat. By such a surmise thou makest it prouender.

The History of the two

We are water-men, and thinke because wee see a man coming, and that I am his first man, heele be my first fare, when another gets him.

Enter Tutch the Clowne, writing.

Fer. Come, you are bookish.

Wat. And thou blockish. Iy rights right, and no more.

Fer. Se sirha Mr. *Tutch*, what an officer?

Wat. Yes, hees booking in, Mr. *Tutch*, *salue, sis salue.*

Fer. *Iubio te saluere, aue.*

Wat. He heares vs not.

Tutch. Let me see Capons, Turkeis, Small-birds, Beefes, Muttons, Partridge, Plover, Wood-cocks.

Wat. Meaning vs, good morning, and many fir.

Fer. And many Mr. *Tutch.*

Tutch. Are ye come water-squirts, are ye come?

Wat. And why fir, water-squirts?

Tutch. Because you shoote water, and so do they, but ha ye that will doo't, my dainy element dashers.

Fer. Do't and stand to't Mr. *Tutch*, if wee might spend it fir.

Enter Humil.

Humil. Well said honest knaues, beare in, but say wheres *Iohn*'th hospitall, and's nurse?

Wat. At hand fir.

Humil. Tis well, away, and *Tutch* tutch the tippes of their tongues, with our seller suckets.

Tutch. Ile tutch the tippes of their tongues, & their tongues tippes, ile baste their bellies and their lippes til we haue ierk't the cat with our three whippes.

Humil. Married? tis ended, and the next pull mine.
At a faire fleece, a golden one, the eldest daughter is my hope,
what then rests in it, O you winged lap-wings, farthest cry,
when we come neere'st to't. *Quando pecus omnia sub umbra ru-*
minat antiquos paululum vocitamus amores. *exit.*

James. Tis done too late to aske why so.
Tardie intrusion as a Cipher plaste.

Filles

Maids of More-clacke.

Fills but vp roome, while substance in the other
Makes number pretious, I am that round O,
Which with a sigh, as sad as is my soule,
Griene all too late, what now befits my mone,
But black despaire, and die in't do,
To make thy selfe knowne, but represents
Mellow fruit falling into danger, ô I am that
Rotten ruin'd, and vnrellisht substance,
Which on my owne vpgrowing tree falles off,
By the times negligence, vndone I am,
Would I had hidde indeede, and not in word.
These it tun'd words like discords sounded harsh
And yet were thought true musick, well, well,
He take my stand, and as she passies by
Nore if her glories dash not all my hopes
With base forgetfulnesse of what she was,
My picture can she not forget, may be,
Old loue may yet liue in this new-born Lady.

*Enter the solemne order of the Bride-groomes returne from
Church, and as the bride goes by, she beholds Iames
the cittizen with earnest eye, & speakes aside.*

Lady. I am woonder strocken in my selfe,
O you all-seeing, pardon my attempt,
My second choice hath laid siege to my soule,
And my disloyalty hath in that witnesse
Slaine the concurrences of after ioy,
Euen so he look't that had my maiden hearr,
Euen such was he, whose farre estranged death
Gaue me this licence of ill libertie,
To do, and vndo, O forgiue me then,
Weake in my sect, my fault to the best of men.

S. Wil. New wedded Lady, & our mornings bride,
What is't that troubles ye? *Lets sal her gloue, Iames*

Lady. A losse but being small. *takes it vp.*

Earle. No matter for the losse.
You find a purchase, equals any crosse.

The History of the two

Lady. Let it go then.

Exeunt.

Iam. she knowes me and this constant accident
Subscribes to't, how can she excuse,
This double deede, this false neglect of loue?
O women how you dally in your trust,
How quickly you forget late liuing life,
And bury the remembrance in your smiles
All ye this morning for the dead to sigh,
And shed your teares in bosome of new choice
How haue I sifted your loose difference,
For euer being president against all.
Glad am I at this opportunity,
Who landed me euen in the iawes of feare
Swallowing my destiue happinesse
To vtter ruine of herselfe and me
If the vnconstant aire whistle abroad,
That *Humil* liues, then *Humils* widow dies
In desperat scandall, racket and tormented,
In the remembrance of old wretchednesse,
Which to preuent, plots cunningly contriu'd
Must buckler my repure so weakly wiu'd. *exit*

Enter sir Robert Tourres, and yong Filbon.

Tour. Lost her gloue?

So she makes knowne.

Tour. Ile find it to my euerliuing glory,
And the next triumph, weare it in my helme
Daring all gallants in defence to approue,
S. *William Vergirs* Lady owes this gloue. *exit*

Filb. If my good fortune challenge such account,
To find it by my friend or industry,
Ile prick it on a pole, and with my launce,
Curuet with nimble speed, in course of armes,
And as I snatch it by a curious passe,
Cry in lowd eccho, here is for her loue,
Who on her wedding day did loose this gloue. *exit.*

Enter the two maiden sisters, Mary and Tabitha.

Mary.

SCENES OF IVIORE-CLACKE.

Mary. The Bride, our new made mother lost her gloue.

Tabith. I sister, so she saies.

Mary. He seeke no further, for it is in vaine.

Tabitha. Especially when quicker eyes then ours,
Arch in the browes of loues two votaries,
Lord how they'le bragge to find it questionles,
Twill proue a ranfome of a thousand kisses,
Amorous glaunces, modest curtesie,
O how these flaterers can insinuate,
And stretch an inch of length to an el of wide
Heeres much in office for a little pay.
A gloue God wor.

Mar. I sister, so they say, go to ye wanton you
He that shall marry thee, is matcht y' faith,
To English rash, or to a Dutch snap-haunce,
You will strike fire with words ———

Tab. Who I? now as I liue sweet Moll.
If *Filbon* marry me, as by this light.

Mary. And wincke.

Tabith. Tis hard to iuggle with the diuell, we maides
So simper in each others quantity
As we know fashion ere it be deuiz'd
Forswear you one, and Ile forswear ———

Mary. The other, iust euen so,
Shall i be plaine with thee ———

Tabit. Youle answere, no

Mary. I. *Tab.* No I. *Mary.* I no.

Tabith. I know you will not, therefore let him go,
I loue my *Filbon* as men loue good clothes,
Put them on euery day.

Mary. And I loue *Toures* as I loue my sleepe,
Embracing thus, folding most deerely.

Tabith. Your louer nightly, as you wish him yearly.

Mary. Introth in such a sort:

Tabith. As children play with stones, to make them sport.

Mary. You make me blush *Tabitha.*

Tabitha.

The Historie of the two

Tabith. At the thing ye wish,
Plague on the cat that loues nor milke nor fish.
We are all maidens pictures; faine we would,
Yet we cry away away, whē away we should.

Mary. Yet againe. *Tabith.* Neuer yet.
Euer so when so our matters fit.

Mary. They are returnd, a gloue or no.

Enter Tourres and Filbon.

Tour. No, but the gloue I sought not, I ha found.

Mary. Where is't man?

Tou. You'r the gloue, which stil I seeke to weare
Make me happy, match it to a paire.

Mary. Be these for euer matches.

Tab. How can ye find the gloue was neuer lost?

Filb. By seeking you that lost not what we find.

Tab. Indeed a willing losse, is losse of gaine,
Where louing finders pittie loosers paine,
I will not say, enioy so much the rather,
Because gift giuer cries out on the father.
But if I durst, I would, till when.

Vnmatch our gloues, each take his owne againe.

Enter Sir William, Iames, Earle of Tumult,

Auditor, sir Rafe.

S. Wil. It is inacted by the brides faire word,
VWho findes her gloue, is this daies gouernour.
To manage all our pastimes in the house;
And thou art he, the onely conquerour,
Of prize and honour, then enioy it.

Iam. You giue and I receiue, is this my office?

S. Will. Sign'd and deliuer'd.

Iam. I take it on me, musicke triumphes come,
Since fortune cast her fauours in my fist,
He be most prodigall.

Yet with modesty I am a Cittizen.

Vnlook't for welcome, and vnthanking come,
To receaue honour in a state smans roome.

Yet

Maids of More-clacke.

Yet to this presence I will still addresse,
Loue, paines and duerie in this businesse. *Exit.*

Earle. In this is fortune blind, whose deeds are dangers,
Giuing her graces not to friends but strangers.

Towres. Prooue on my fortunes how so ere they stand,
I hold my fairest fortune in my hand.

Marie. The like doe I. *Enter yong Humil.*

Filbon. And all the fairest fortunes I would proue,
Is onely this, to enioy my dearest loue.

Tabi. The like I wish. *speake aside.*

Humyl. All happinesse liue in thy choice, in hers
All mischiefs, horroules our selfe participate in tender of
our choise, freely deliuer'd in the sight of heauen.

S. Wil. What newes?

Humyl. The wedding dinner breaths his last.

S. Wil. And wee will visite it; on forward there.

Exeunt. *Enter Iames and Ladie.*

Iames. So faire and fortunate to be thus faise,
Wedded to two. O you all wondring eies,
Gaze till your fire flame, your eie-balles drop
In moist imagination of this act,
Before the first be dead to wed a second. *o*

Lady. Why writ you dead in your last letters?
Sick was I, and no likelihood of life.

Iames. What then, was that a iust excuse
To varnish ouer this base counterfeiting? no,
Il'e make it knowne.

Lady. I care not, I will thus excuse it,
All opposite of iniurie was yours,
Putting to teast our weakenesse by your letters,
VVhich carrying credit, woman in her will,
Guilelesse is causer of this open ill.

Iames. Had I beene thus aduiz'd, but all too late
Acquainted with your speede, I had preuented what now is
past and done.

Lady. Why did you not? Baud to your owne misdeede,

B Three

The Hist orie of the two

Three quarters guiltie of this accident,
That might & would not stop the hazard,
VVill ye now heape vp miracle,
And make it worse in note, by adding too?
A bayns blaze, 'tis not so soone extinct,
Being fierce of flame, quenshe must it be,
By water-course of sounder pollicie,

James. I am from my selfe in this, what shall I doe?
O I am maddes, and mischiese mennasie vnwitting of all
purpose.

Ladie. Why did I cast my gloue,
Proclaim'd the finder stickler of our sports,
But to a point preuailing practise?

James. I know not how.

Lady. Leauē all to me, women that wade in sinne,
Haue their wits-charter to authorize it,
And they haue antidotes that to digest,
Which better iudgements lose themselves in,
let me alone.

James. To ly with him the while.

Ladie. Tis true to ly with him, but not in sheetes,
To vse the flourish of a womans skill,
In windes and turnings, other lying,
My new-made husband iniures not the old,
As I am simply false, I will be found
Constant to death, knowing my businesse
Is to heale vp the fractures of the time,
And to salue vertue in her taint of ill.

James. I build on this.

Lady. Some moneth.

VVhile I possesse the glory of my name,
Attendances according, marrie our sonne
Vnto his-eldest daughter, that's the point
Of all: regaine my ioynter next,
Tis not amisse to satisfie your debt,
Thesetwo archien'd, the third is bedding,

And

Maids of More-clacke.

And if this braine beguile him not of that,
Say I am single: no, since blame fits nie,
Behooues giue care to vse true policie.

Iames. Our sonne.

Exit.

Lady. Aside.

Enter Humil.

Humil. Mother the noble guest expects ye,
The present meeting doos neglect it selfe
VVhere our faire bride is wanting,
Pray come in, you doe them wrong.

Lady. I am not well, and this commanding aire
Retaines my health, I came to fetch ie,
Wherefore inricht with what was ours before,
VVe yeeld fresh duetie and attend them.

Humil. Will you be mindfull of our marriage, mother?
Begin so happily in yours.

Lady. I shall indeauour in it, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Marie, Tabithe, Toures and Filbon.

Tabithe. Close and hush, not a fly stirring,
VVhile they feede hungerly, we, that loues detie
Doos proclaime pardon to presume, and speake,
Challendge libertie, now by my maiden-head.

Filbon. Swear not loue.

Tabithe. Can you forbid my oath? Sir I will sweare, &
till I lacke it, say, nought shall confine me, I had rather feast
in fancies pittance, then to feede gag'd with attention, soo-
thing euery bit with curiositie: no, I can fill my bellie in
a minute, satisfie my stomacke in a breath: Louers digest
their sighes, and chow their spleene, while other appetites
fall hungry toot, and let them greedily graze on,

Marie. VVhat's all this?

Toures. Louers talke any thing.

Filbon. I vnderstand ye not.

Tabithe. I would not that you should, for I speake Greeke.

Marie. Regard her not, for she talkes, Id'ly *Filbon.*

Tabi. Be you aduiz'd then sister, I'me a foole.

The Historie of the two

Yet not so simple but I talke by rule,
I say, dine they that list, I will not, for my dish
Drest to my hand is here, here let me feede,
Tis the maids modicum. God send vs speede.

Marie. In that I claime a part,
Who euer feedes this dish hath *Maries* hart.

Tabi. So then said I well, ye wicked thing.

Tonres. Not as I am of Louers vnion,
Contracted to a solitarie life,
By thus retayning singlenes of heart:
Changing all doubts that the world affords
But one, so to thy sweetest selfe,
Which onely art idea of my thoughts:
I vowe a reconciled amitie,
Which violated, doos command my life
To yeeld his intrest to the shade of death,
May be, your father alienates our choice,
And shoves as sunne-shine threatning raine,
To the all-hoping haruest present,
VVhich to make cleare, the honourable word
And fatherly regard in present office
Haue past their speede in our attention.
I know your father will receiue their on-set
Soldier-like, ioying the siege begunne,
VVhich tho resisted, bids them gladly come.

Marie. Pause in that trust, giue care.

Enter Iames with the musicians.

Iames. Sound proclamation,
It is enacted by the bride and bride-groome,
And by our selfe chiefe in authoritie,
That all receiue their pleasures
From the most high in this assembly
To the lowest, all pastimes are made free,
Dauncing, carding, dicing reuelling,
And other dues of times fit merriments,
—— Vnto the bride and bride-groomes health.

Tabi.

Maides of More-clacke.

Tabit. The daies short, and the night's

Filb. Stop there.

Tabit. I will, to pleasure thee,

James. There take your places.

And in your sweetest key of musique strokes
Sound pleasant melody, eecho those sounds
Which true-loue-hearts, in concords chiefest grounds
Haue their blest being, yfe art in times,
Which may giue welcome to our noblest guests.

Enter Humil.

Tour. We are betraid, yong *Humill* is at hand,
Daunce, and excuse it so.

Filb. Sound, musique there.

Tour. Content, a dance, and in againe.

Content, no daunce, yet in againe.

Tour. It is vn gently don to snatch her so.

Hum. I snatch but that which promise saies is mine,
Haue I offended?

Tour. I.

Hum. Right what is wrong.

Tour. Here,

Or where you dare, go seeke in Brainford, go.

Tour. Brainford?

Iam. Put vp, or I shall be offending vnto one,
Against the brides sonne, dare ye?

Hum. I repent not what is done, come you with me.

Tour. So slaues by violence do hurry hence,
The rights of---

James. Peace, we on you do impose command.
Yeeld duty in it: hall, a hall there.

Musique sound, and to the bride do consecrate this round.

Enter all the traine to daunce.

S. Wil. Squire of the day, cul out your gadding bucks.
Select your light-heel'd does, open your Labits,
Turne them to the toiles, we that are *Venus* Huntsmen may
partake the sports.

Earle. You'r a gallant woodman sir.

Audit. My sonne for one, *S. Rafe,* And mine the other.

S. Will.

The Historie of the two

S. Wil. Good my daughters for them both,
A courie or so, go too, lead on, the bucks that haue imploy-
ment for these does, are not these giddy gamblers, i'll be the
Forester and looke too't.

Tour. Heare you that?

Mary. A lightning before heat.

Filb. Your fathers aire is harraled to his tongue.

Tabit. A knowes the coate, but thinkes not who shall
weare it.

S. Wil. Ther's two and two.

James. A coople more, too makes no show, our measure is
for three.

Audit. Why then the bride. *S. Kafe.* And bridegroome.

S. Wil. O sir, pardon me.

My ioints were oild to pleasure, but now, not.

James. Then I with her.

S. Wil. You! O, your authority commands her.

James. Harke.

Lady. It giues his luster light.

James. My warrant wins, where his dos loose the right.

Humil snatches *Mary* from *Toures* and dances.

S. Wil. My sonne in law growes bold.

Good againe, heres much to do in loue,
One simply stands, not challenging his owne:
And reason, *Mary*, chance is yet vnknowne
No, nor in you sir, though my son,
Words past contriue, but after deedes cry done.

Audit. Brook'st thou this disgrace.

Tour. O sir, no remedy, what Iustice liues so free.
And to her owne is friending,

Audit. I am mad to thinke on't boy, but---

They daunce a measure.

Tour. How Goddes-like the elder of the two,
Stations the measure, it is a Iouiall sight,
Where beauty gilds the pauement with her light.
How fullen *Saturne* tooke her by the hand.

With

Maides of More-clacke.

With frosty feeling, in whose icy touch,
She shrunk her hold, but with a jealous eie,
She glanst on me, fearefull that standers by
Should be inricht with't: now she smiles me faire,
Guinding my torture with an after hope.
Thus moroliz'd, I season on my right,
Her loue thus challeng'd by inferior might.

The Daunce ends.

S. Wil. After this dalliance here comes other sport.
Pray ye attend him gallants: How now *Iohn*?
Tardiuementis Iohn, you must be whip't.
Quaeso preceptor, non est tibi quid.

Enter Iohn, Nurse, Boy, all in blew coates.

S. Wil. This silly for, my Lord, so please you heare him,
Vtters much hope of matter, but small gaine.
An old wife nurst him, which we call blind *Alas*.
She dying, left him to the citties keeping,
Which in their Hospitall they thus nurst vp.
Amongst the bounties of their other deeds:
Many besides, now you shall heare his fellow.
Aske him such questions as his simplenes
Answeres to any: firra let me heare ye.

Boy. Iohn, how many parts of speech be there?

Ioh. Eight, the vocatiue, and ablatiue, caret nominatiuo &

Boy. What say you to reddish *Iacke*?

Ioh. That it does bite, Ha, ha, ha.

Boy. Where ha you been *Iacke*?

Ioh. At Powles friend.

Boy. Who saw you there?

Ioh. Mr. Deane *Nowel*, O hee's a good man truly.

Boy. What did a giue thee *Iack*?

Ioh. A groat, looke here else.

Boy. What wil't do with it?

Carri't home to my Nurse.

Boy. I'll giue thee a point *Iack*, what wil't do with it?

Toim

The Historie of the two

Ioh. carri't home to my nurse.

Boy. I'll giue thee a fooles head *Jack* what wilt do with it?

Ioh. Carri't home to my nurse,

Boy. Carry a fooles head, what a foole art thou?

Ioh. Should I goe home without it? whose foole now?

Boy. Who toles the bell for *John*?

Ioh. I know not,

John toles the bell, at

Boy. When didd a?

if a put d the rope.

Ioh. Enc now,

Boy. Hoo lacke hoo,

Ioh. My Nurfes chickin. Ha, ha, ha.

Earle. A silly ignorant, is a euer so?

Sir Wil. Neuer otherwise, a cleanly Idiot, what's put on him in his morning ries, is as you see it. This old woman is his Nurse.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. So please your honour you are sent for to the Court, The Court goes from Richmond to White-hall.

Earle. We will attend her, kind sir *William Vergir.*

Our times bride-groome to your selfe and you.

We wish as we haue euer done, all loue,

And for our present entertainement rest indebted to your bounty, if a Courts amends haue in it power of satisfaction, you command it, this acknowledge'd euer, your poore acquaintance but an honourable friend.

Audir. We will attend your coach.

Earl. Sir, be mindfull of our seruant *Filbon.*

What wants in him to weie downe loue with gold,

Our fauours shall supply.

Exeunt.

Sir Wil. Tis a light weight, their portions if they poize no better, will to the worlds beleefe, grow lesse not greater, but let them passe, I weie them as they are. Come Nurse, follow vs *John.*

Exit after.

Nur. Wipe your nose, fie a flouen still, looke ye be manerly, hold vp your chinne, let me see ye make your holiday legge, so my chucking, that's a good lambe, do not cry for any

Maids of More-clacke:

any thing, *John* if ye doe.

John. No Nurse, grace a God, Grace a Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William and his Ladie.

S. Wil. Shreeke no more in my care, I pre-thee peace, I graunt I made such promise: but what then, shall I for that so set her on the racke, when her faire fortunes looke a better way, with the small proffer of your giddie sonne, no: you shall pardon me.

Ladie. Youle let me haue my loynter yet.

S. Wil. Yes that, three hundred by the yeare t's thine, But for your sonne to wed my eldest daughter.

Lady. VVhy, he doth merit her in my accord, and tis no wrong in you, to dip her blood in the selfe dye that wee are in.

Sir Wil. I grant his merit, but her shining value made golden glittering, by my vantings lookes to a higher promintoria, from which fower, when your sonne gazes, it affrights him, yeelds him plannet stroke.

Lady. He shall not haue her then.

Sir Wil. Belecue it wife.

Lady. He shall.

S. Wil. Ha.

Lady. I will not bed with you till then.

Sir Wil. What?

Lady. I ha said it, and when posture of our word takes his bace beeing, I will die the death, into our wedding sheetes shall mischief come, before my bodie breake your word with me, euen on your wedding day.

Sir Wil. Nay then vp with the lists, againe it shall not be.

Lady. I care not, thinke you I doe, keepe your word in that, when I breake mine.

S. Wil. No more, be stranger to my bed, doe doe. Haue I of nothing made thee much and wilt thou——

Lady. Yes I will, haue you of protestations, othes, and vowes made these loose fractures: lawfull bee it then for me to shun the make-peace bed, since strife sets such diu-

The Historie of the two

son betwixt man and wife, I am most firme in it.

S. Wil. Very well, tis not amisse.

Enter Auditor, sir Raph, Tourres, Filbon, and their sommes.

Audit. The night drawes on, tis time to part.

Sir. Wil. At your pleasures gentlemen.

S. Rafe. Your gallant daughters will be next.

S. Wil. Or not at all, for I am past it now.

Auditor. And we are praid vnto, our sonnes are gentleme,
what resteth then, but we saile nearer to the point?

S. Wil. What point?

S. Ra. Of mariage past, betwixt vs in our promises.

S. Wil. Indeepe to one I promis'd her waight in gold, vn-
to the other which I loue as deare, her waight in siluer, now
gentlemen what goods haue you to equall these large pro-
mises?

Auditor. Why all we haue.

S. Rafe. But twill not serue,

The big auouchments of my promises
Controlles you all, and all mens else, ye all;
Vnder degrees of Earles, Lords, or as Potent
To roule them on I eccho these large sommes.

S. Rafe. Vnualued must your sommes be to such choice,
Honour lookes high aboue such pettie price.

S. Wil. Looke honour high as heauen,
Our earthly reach doth leauell in that eie,
And with the imbellishment of richer worth
Ile by, and out by the imprisond scope,
Of reaching blood, what will not value doe
Where strong abillitie dos reach his hand,
And they haue beaurie too, which ioynd to riches
Will proffer faire: tho not so quaine
As courtly dames or earths bright treading starres,
They are maids of More clacke, homely milke-bole things,
Such as I loue and faine would marry well.

S. Rafe. It was a promise in you to be kinde.

Sir William. Ile forward with that promise, you loue
my

Maids of More-clacke.

my eldest. —

Toures. With my soule.

S. Wil. And pittie to deuide that loue, then hearken me,
when shees dead and liues againe, shees yours, not till then.

Toures. Then neuer but in death.

S. Wil. You loue my yongest daughter.

Filbon. And will euer.

S. Wil. Pray ye doe: but when you are from your selfe
a woman, she is yours in marriage.

Filbon. Woman to woman ioynd twere wonderfull,
but in more maze of wonder I should be, what I doe chal-
lenge to participate, and from my selfe liue to deuide in
other.

S. Wil. Faich not till such a wonder.

S. Rafe. Ist not enough to scandall thy true word?

But are we slighted thus with fantasies,
Impossibilitie, dead and aliue againe,
Manhood infuzd in woman: tis not generous.

Exit.

Audi. Come sonne vpon my blessing
Take from thy eies thy heart adoring shine,
Offer no more thy altar bearing thoughts
To one so gyant-like, whose reach sits hie,
Aboue the compasse of a gentill eie.

Exit.

Sir Wil. you haue your answeres, gallants.

Toures. We like it not.

Fil. Nor will we so except it.

S. Wil. Fore-warnd come neare my house,
Rapes, felonies, and what may else be thought on,
I will with heauie impositions
Surcharge ye with, if not with pistoll shor,
I will defend my selfe and these I keepe.

Exit.

Toures. Liue I to heare this?

Fil. Conuay them from him, let vs.

Toures. In disguise.

Filbon. Or not at all.

Toures. That way or none.

Exeunt.

Enter

The History of the two

Enter James and Humil.

Humil. James, when I put thee from my thought, let me be hudwincht from all, fortune, thy pertaking gentleness is such, as I doe loue thee, troth I doe.

James. God continue this good league.

Humil. Wot'st what newes?

James. No.

Humil. The louers are expulst, and my faire hopes shine the clearer: what wilt say when I doe marrie this Knights eldest daughter?

James. That you are then posselt.

Humil. She is mine contracted in her fathers word.

James. New broken sir.

Humil. Ha.

James. Tis true your mother challeng'd it: but he as angry as the raging morne, whose choller breathing shakes high battlements, puts her off with a pause of contrarie, I know it sir, her ioynter is subscrib'd too, which else to doe, sooner should earth to heaven presume a progresse, then the grant make firme what the antecedent challenges, your mother vpon this abandons from his bed, vowing bold absence, he inrag'd, giues way to all maligne and stubborne fashion of contempt, such a cloze to day neuer had practise, such a wedding night, till this sad first neuer had purchase: you shall well agree them sir, to attone this iarre, vsc meanes I pray you, twill become ye, well, when wrangling wrestles with such violent iniurie, tis the sonnes office.

Humil. Tis the diuels office and not mine, to hell obedience, if he breake his word.

James. You had a father loued ye better.

Humil. He lov'd me as a king in a play his seruant, who nere seeing him giues kind applause, but small vilitie: my father in my child-hoode loued and left me to the worlds eie, in bold necessitie, I thanke him for it, since he did my mother hath her chance, mine wants the prooffe, stand by times minion and inconstancie. oh.

James.

Maides of More-clacke.

James. Haue patience.

Hum. Yes, whereunto? sith all my hopes ly leuell
With despaire, such milk-sops in whose breasts,
Lingers a lagging hope, to thē is patience sufferable;
But to me, horror, and hels black motions tickles
Me on to mischief, and I will-----

Exit.

James. So.

Now swims vpon the maine, such shipwrack-soules,
As the windes rage splits on the rocks of danger.
I, my wife, and sonne all three, now heaue, and
Feare of sinking, makes vs timorous.
Should we be sheluing on the shallow beach,
The seas rough gusts might scatter our intents,
So idle purchase might be gathered vp,
from our so sodaine shipwrack: No my state
Stands yet secure: though maim'd yet is not foil'd:
But salud by wise occasion may make good
This sodaine overflow of tide and flood.

Exit.

*Enter Iohn i th hospitall, and a blew-coat boy
with him.*

Boy. *Iohn.* Where had'st this bread and butter?

Ioh. The crow did giue it me.

Boy. But take heede the kite tak't not from thee.

Ioh. I'll choake first.

Boy. *Iohn* shal's play at counter-hole i th cloister?

Ioh. I ha nere a counter.

Boy. He giue thee one for a point.

Ioh. Doe, and i'll play hose go downe. O fir, *Willy* is a good
man truly, heer's good custard and capon, and good bread
and butter too.

Boy. Now *Iohn*, i'll cry first.

Ioh. And i'll cry lagge. I was in hoblies hole.

Boy. I ha won this *Iohn*, now for another.

Ioh. I'll hate againe will I will o.

Nurse. What's the matter, making my sweet lambe cry?

The Historie of the two

Come *Iohn* we must to London, on with your cleane mucken-
der, and take leaue of sir *William* and his Lady. Gods me
your point, where is it *Iohn*?

Iohn. The crow has it, and did win it at counter hole.

Nurf. Ile whip ye for it, take him vp, loose your point
lambe, fie, vp with him sirha.

Ioh. Good Nurse now, no more truly ô, ô

Enter water man.

Ferris. Where's this suck-egge, wheres lack a boy ;
Come ye moucable matron, wheres this tugegge,
away away.

Nurf, Ile take leaue of S. *William* and go away. *Exit*.

Fer. Now my *Iohn* iuggler, your nose is like Lothbery con-
duic, that alwaies runs waste.

Boy. Whats his name *Iohn*?

Sternigogilus, ha, ha.

Fer. What?

Boy. A goggle eye, a wanton eye, a madcap, so a meanes,

Fer. Wat? *Vvat*. Hollo.

Fer. Trim boat. turne head, we're at hand muschrumpes,
We come boy, we come. *Enter Nurse*.

Nurf. Come *Iohn*, our leaue is taken.

Iohn. Haue ore the sea to florida, and was not good King
Salomon, Tom Tyler. *sing*

Fer. O well sung Nightingale, a boord a boord there, ha
rip there.

*Enter Toures in a tawny coate like a tinker, and his boy with
budget and staffe, Toures tincks upon his pan drinking.*

Tour. Boy, you vnderstand me, though the liquor haue
rent me, remember your businesse boy.

Boy. Yes master.

Tou. Tis rare to be a tinker boy, worke inough, wench
inough, and drinke inough, is't not boy?

I Maister.

Toures.

Maides of More-clacke.

Tour. Boy where shal's haue doings, Ile clout any woman's cauldren, boy.

Boy. Master, tincke on tis time, for we ha nere a penny.

Tour. Pawne budget boy, Ile ring in boy, haye any worke for a tinker, a ti, ti, tinker.

Enter Madge.

Madge. By my maiden-head tis hee, the merry tinker of Twitnam, boy, is't not?

Boy. Yes flowre it'h frying pan, he stops holes well. tis he,

Madge. Has his old songs still, has he not?

Boy. Yes, and new to boote.

Madge. And be not these tinkers knaues? vpon their backs they beare a long picke, with a staffe it'h end, He shall ha worke, Ile breake way for him, and Call out the gentlewoman to heare him sing.

Boy. Let them all say what they can dainty come thou to me. We shall ha worke maister.

Tour. Draw boy, *homo armatus*, boy, Ile pepperyour pans, Where's my dogge boy?

Enter S. William Humil, Lady Mary, Tabitha.

Boy. your Dame has him, and will meete you at Purney.

Humil. Indeeде whats a tinker with out's wench, staffe and dogge.

Lady. Is this the tinker you talke on?

Hum. I madame of Twitnam, I haue seene him licke out burning fire brands with's tongue, drinke two pence from the bottome of a full pottle of ale, fight with a Mastie, & stroke his mustachoes with his bloody bittē fist, and sing as merrily as the sobiest Querester;

Madge. Come tinker, stop, mend.

Tour. Ile tickle your holes.

S Wil. Hee's out of tune for singing now.

Tour. Out of tune and temper too, thus can dainty liquor do. Sing boy.

Boy. Relish maister, relish, a note aboue *eta* maister,

Sol. fa, me, re.

Tour.

The History of the two

Toures sings.

A maiden sitting all alone,
Vnto her selfe she made great mone,
Sorrow set vpon her cheekes,
And she lookes Greene as any lecke:
Her friends did aske her cause of care,
But she cri'd out in her despaire.
O stone, stone ne ra, stone na ne ra, stone.

Tabis. Cold comfort in a stone.

Tou. Doctors came her pulse to feele,
And Surgions with their tooles of Steele,
To dig, to delue, to find her paine,
But all they did it was in vaine,
Still on her back this maiden lies,
And with an open throat she cries.

O stone, stone ne na ne ra, stone ne na ne ra stone.

Tabis. Better and better by my slipper.

Tou. Old wines they made answere thus,
Greene sicknes was most dangerous.
And oate-meale eating is a food,
That neuer yet did maiden good.
Tut, tut, tut, tis nothing so,
Still she cri'd out with paine and wo.

O stone, stone ne na ne ra, stone ne na ne ra, stone
Till she was deliuered of a chopping boy, and all
was as I am, *Omne bene.*

S. Wil. What a disfiguring diet, drunkennes
Layes vpon man, a beastly appetite?
Lingers the body where such glutinous meanes,
Swelters in surfet of desire and ease.
I am an enemy to my selfe, to thinke,
That man is slaue so to continuall drinke.

Tou. Knight, feast, knight, a good celler keeper knight.
Ile cusse thy daughter knight,

Mary. Howes that?

Tou. Shals not busse knight, shals not nee?

S. Wil.

Maids of More-clacke.

S. Wil. Thou art in the straits *Moll*, and the pirots shot will sincke thee, therefore yeeld.

Toures. I am thy *Toures*, being thus disguild, am come to steale thee, then be sodaine *Moll*.

Morie. Nay then y^e faith.

Exit.

Toures. Knight shals drinke at dore like beggers? no, ile in knight see thy seller, is thy seller in dept, knight dare he not show his face? your black iacks are my elder brothers, knight, shals not shake hands with our brothers knight?

Exit reeling.

S. Wil. Follow him, looke he steale nothing.

Madge. Tinckers steale nought but drinke & maiden heads, Ile watch him for one, if you allow losse of the other.

Sir. Wil. Wheres *Tutch*?

Enter Tutch.

Tutch. Sir.

S. Wil. Who waite you on?

Tutch. On the world sir.

S. Wil. And what saies the world to ye?

Gins her the letter as she talks.

Tutch. To me sir.

S. Wil. To you sir, what a message? letters, ha, daugheer ile be your secretary, nay hide not, tuggle not with me, ile once be secret to your thoughts, yfaith I will.

Tabitha. Tis a carde of lace sir, which he bought me.

Tutch. I bone-lace sir.

S. Wil. Bone-lace subscrib'd too like a letter, lace weau'd of ten bones, ist so? euen so.

O Tutch.

Tutch. O mistres now am I tri'd on my owne tutch, I am true mettall one way, but counterfeit an other: O life no life, but melle of publicke wrong, Day turne to night, for I ha liu'd too long.

Tabitha. From *Filbon*.

Tutch. Yes from *Filbon*, woe to the day, time, and howe.

Tabi. Wherefore.

D

Tutch.

The Historie of the two

Tutch. That I brought this newes from your louer therefore.

S. Wil. Pull off your coate.

Tutch. I neede not sir, tis ready to fall off, yet if I doe, tis the time of yeare, the fall of lease sir, and seruingmen do drop their coates, there sir.

He pulls it off.

S. Wil. Begone, come no more neare my house, if thou do thou art a fellone, are you the carrier, are ye indeede, must loue make you his mercurie, must *Filbon* send by you? my owne betray my owne, to him, your a knaue, they shuffle ye about, ile deale the cards and cut ye from the decke, you vnderstand me, go.

Tutch. Gang is the word, and hang is the worst, wee are euen, I owe you no seruice, and you owe me no wages, short tale to make, the sommers daie is long, the winter nights be short, and brickill beds dos hide our heds, as spittell fields report.

Exit Clowne.

S. Wil. Wife coope vp our ginnie henne, that wants this treading, you gossip, to your clofset, *Filbon* shall, if we want will, yes yes what else.

Lady. Come daughter.

Tabitha. I denie *Filbon* to his face, bring me to him, I will iustifie that all his actions are like apricocks, they dangle & loue them.

S. Wil. You doe.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Alas sir, mistress *Marie* is with the Tincker gone, and at the backe dore horst, I see, the gelding, twas a dapple gray.

Humil. Hell and damnation

Exit Humil.

Sir Wil. Death and torture.

Ta. Christmas gambuls, father, shooring the wilde mare.

S. Wil. Am I a iest to laugh at new, indeede, indeede,

Enter Humil after the boy.

Humil. O not so fast sir, I am for your race, and will out strip ye, if ye run no faster, speake what was this tincker?

Boy. Tincker sir.

Humil.

Maids of More-clacke.

Humil. I, thy master.

Boy. My master is a knight, who *Ioue*-like in the shape
off such a thing, came to see *Dannie* in this shoure of gold.

S. Wil. *Toures* was it?

Boy. *Etiam, ita, ego* I fir.

Tabitha. Now fortune at the fairest, go with thee, thou
hast beene comming in this stratagem, and I doe giue thee
ioy with all my heart.

S. Wil. You doe huswife.

Tabitha. Wishing a whirle-winde in the like disguise.
Fetch me hence smoothly, I am lawfull price.

Sir Wil. Wheres *James*?

Lady. At London.

Sir Wil. I will thither too, since the diuell driues I am the
second, lock her vp, safe be it your charge.

Exeunt ambo.

Humil. What for this counsellor, concealing rape and
ruine of your childe?

Sir Wil. Whip him.

Boy. I shall neuer indure it.

Sir Wil. Vnlesse you doe betray this trust, and tell vs
to what cabbinet he hath conducted her.

Boy. To Putney, o to Putney fir, where the ile be married.

S. Wil. At my parsonage, God amen, no other hospitall
to shadowe them but mine, am I the patron of so hard mis-
chance, that my owne of my owne shall cofin me, ile thether,
sonne your company?

Humil. No, ile to Richmond fir, preuent them there.

S. Wil. No fir, you shall with me, thats the next office, for
your selfe, delaying due, in other all things ready, you will
then serue your selfe, nor he nor you shall carue so to your
appetites.

Humil. Your pleasure fir.

Exeunt.

Enter Filbon and Tutch.

Filbon. For my sake turn'd away.

D 2

Tutch.

The History of the two

Tutch. Yes, my master turnes a new lease, and so must I
fir, twas for your letters sake.

Filbon. Is there no hope?

Tutch. What doe you call it when the ball fir hits the stoole?

Filbon. Why out.

Tutch. Even so am I, out, out of all hope euer to come
in to crum my portage at his table fir.

Filbon. Welcome to mine, then honest *Tutch*, but speake
thy minde, thinkest thou she will continue firme?

Tutch. Firme fir, yes, vnles you take her for a ioyne stoole,
sheele continue firme, she feedes on ye, dreames on yee,
hopes on ye, and relies on ye, telling her father what a friend
you are, protesting and molesting to the hole house of your
good parts, vowing to God and man if she haue not you,
she will haue nothing: for any mans pleasure, sheele not
line if not for yours.

Filbon. I stand resolu'd.

Tutch. She wishes that ye should, or sheele not trust to ye.

Enter sir Rafe and Filbon.

Sir Rafe. Sonne seest thou yong *Toures*?

Filbon. Not since our last repulse in loue, since when I
stand affected vnto singlenes of life.

S. Rafe. Then art thou stable in my thoughts, but let me
whisper to thee boy, young *Toures* in a Tinckers habit hath
her stolne, to whom his heartie adorations were to this houre
consecrate, shees gone, and her old doring father got to
complaine him at the court, how twill worke I know not.

Tutch. Like waxe, sheele take any impression, fir she.

Filbon. Like a tincker say ye?

S. Rafe. Certainly euen so.

Filbon. Twas my owne proiect father, hee app'auded it,
knowing my fashion of that counterfeit, to be so sure, as no
man could forgoe me.

Tutch. But himselfe fir, tis a point of law, arraigne him vp-
on *ipse facto*.

Filbon.

Maides of More-clacke.

Filb. And art thou slept beyond me? where to night thou
sleptst: soft be thy pillow: easie be thy rest, & may thy bed be.

Song.

Tutch. *Mort all downe, thistle soft,*
She laid her selfe vnder to keep him aloft,
And euer she said, come: turne thee to me,
And was not this bonny lasse Mary Ambre?

Enter Auditor, and doth whi per with Sir Rafe.

Filb. *Mary* indeede she hath resign'd to me hard choyce,
Neare am I but as arrowes a farre of,
Seemes to the shooter neighbor to the marke,
Till it proue otherwise, so I
Furthest from fauour am, though seeming nie.

Tutch. Change your marke, shoot at a white, wil say, come
flicke me in the clout sir, her white is black, tis crept into her
eye, and wenches with black eyes the white's turnd vp are but
as custards, though they seeme stone cold, yet greedily at-
tempted, burning hot, and such a wench is she sir.

Filb. I know she loues me.

Tutch. Most affectionately burnes in desire for ye, but
key cold through her father, she stands to freeze while others
are appointed to thaw the Ice, not you.

Filb. I must vse pollicie;

Tutch. The onely man, I will assist you sir,

Filb. I thanke thee, and I will preuaile in't.

Audic. I thinke sir, if I see my house to night, there will
come warrants to make open way to their recouery, thinking
they are with me, whom I protest I haue not scene, and vn-
acquainted with her subtill stealth, am now as cleare as is the
babe new borne, I neither knew of it, nor where they are, I
do bestrow their hearts, right I haue in him for it.

S. Rafe. sleepe in my house then, so my word shall make
your answer stronger, I haue a sonne; I wish him to posselt,
but not with violence, yet say he doe climbe high, and
reach the top bough with a stricter course, I knowing
not the manner nor the meanes, acquites me, and God giue,
them

The Historie of the two

them ioy, my oath is cleere, and that's my warrant.

Andis. Sir, I will trouble you to nigh, by this sad time his mone doth challenge comfort, and the counsell whose loues he hath so often visited, heartned on by the Earle of Tumults meanes, they will adde present purpose as he begges it.

S. Rafe. but if the Earle know of my sons discharge, sign'd by his carelesse answer, t'would allay his hot endeouours with a cold responfall; but cease that, the time shall come ———

Filb. Tis mine, the cause and all, pine let mee in them, if the sonne of hope shine as a troubled meatuare in the sky; tis our fates fortune, and no matter cause no remedy.

And. True vantings of resolute, tis late, and custome challenges no right in me, to be so hurtfull to my selfe, the euening's aire is rawe and cold.

S. Rafe. *Filb.* follow vs, be you more temperate.
You see what hurry threathnings this misdeede
Wounds deepe are dangerous, though they hardly bleed.

Filb. Sir, I am lessond,

Tutch. As the boyes at schoole?
Practise their knowledge by contrary rule.

Exeunt.

Enter Humil sadly.

Hum. O I am slaine with wonder.
Hath this life left in it a little breath,
To blow out treason, reeke yee cloudes of shame,
Putrifie all imagination, hold her at stearne,
There let her sinke, neuer to win againe,
Homers recovery, shall I say and thinke it?

O ———
Haue I not beene in bed to night, and so
Talke idly wanting sleepe, or rose from rest,
As many troubled doe, acting like life,
Awaking dead, for in that flattering feare,
Perchaunce her reputation may be saued.
No I am certaine in my feare, tis true,
In yond black closet lies a wicked woman,
(I will not say my mother, that names lost)

In



Maides of More-clacke.

In the twind brazings of the slaue her man.
In *lamer* his armes, and shall I suffer it?

O-----

To blab, it were to harould out my shame,
In quarter'd scutchin of black obloquie,
To murder one were most imparciall;
Againe to turne hilles on this sinne,
Would write me baude, but to be nobly satisfide
Is a content licenc'd from equity.

The knight shall know it, I will write to him,
Startle his bold imagination with pale feare,
Rose his reuengefull spirit on them both,
And make me hopefull of his loue neglected,
Forgiue me world, heauens iustice puts me on,
And though a sonne, Ile punish both or none. *Exit.*

*Enter Earle, and Lord, and Sir VVilliam, the Lords, and
fir VVilliams two men bearing torches.*

Earle You that binde vp in secrets of the night,
Dayes benefites going to rest,
As peacefull birds, lodg'd in a sanctuary.
Smile at our Courtiers care, whose industry,
Rules in the silent and all shadowing night,
Suites that are breathles in a troubled day.
Haue their abiding in our cares at night.
Hard censur'd, and atton'd by late aduice,
Saluing the worlds scares, as we would your care
Knew we the burthen of it.

Lo. With vs the morn is mated with the moone
And we are retrograde to what you doe.
Esteeming conscience, benefite and good.
Challeng'd in seruice of our country:
Sir though our blood affirme vs labour free,
It bindes thee more to busie industry,
Wonder not at our late vpsitting therefore.

S. Viz. Your humors toile in our extremities,
But we ynthankfull merit contrary,

Thinke

The History of the two

Thinke it a want and weaknesse in our kind,
I poste and labour in a toile my selfe,
Seeking my owne : midnight to me is moone,
And all the houres of dull past night,
Sun-shine eclipses, that do much molest me,
Pardon me that am so tedious.

Earle. Seeking your owne.

S. Wil. My eldest daughter is conueid from me,
Hurri'd away, as theeves by violence
Conuey their booties from the true mans store.

Auditor, Tennes sonne hath done this deece,
A rescue noble Lords.

Ear. Rescue and right, challeng the benefite.

S. Wil. A warrant for a generall search,
Restrains for Cinck-ports, and all passages,
That theeuish water doth dispoile vs of.

Ear. It shall be sign'd it'h morning,
Draw the contents as you affect the meanes,
And lee attendance vrge the early act.

Lord. Good night.

Ear. God morrow is it not?

S. Wil. Betwixt them both.

The morall of my misery seeking too late,
That to recouer which I lost too soone.

Lord. And yet in each you stand indifferene.

S. Wil. I must, till perfected by you,
Either late losse, or timely victory,
Recovering what I feare is past aduantage.

Ear. Hope the best fir, things at worst,
Season in their decay, as children mend,
Bent in their eye to ruine, yet they pause
Resting in grace, does reobtaine at will,
Opinion in rash iudgement, dooming ill.

Lord. Good rest, for we go too't.

S. Wil. The peace of happinesse be with ye,
I will retire me to my Inne, and wish,

Maids of More-claſke.

Howres as ſhort as momentary breath,
For till the morning, minures howres be,
And howres yeares, ſuch is reuengd to me,
Might I enioy it?

Man. Sir,

Sir Wil. My man; a midnight meſſenger, what is thy haſte
in leathe ſleept, ſpeake is that all one? one all, that we call
daughter, gone too, is ſhe?

Man. No ſir.

S. Wil. Wherefore ſtareſt thou ſo wildly, ſay, weart thou
aſleepe and wakened? com'ſt to vs here without thy better
part? and ſent abroad, leaving thy wits at home.

Man. Your ſonne ſir, in all haſte ſends you his talles, wiſhes
your wit and iudgement ſodainely, read and regard ſir.

S. Wil. Giue the torch, if you will ſee my mother & your
wife, fellow'd in bed make haſte, *James* your man writes on
your pillow &c. my eies are witneſſes to their adulterie.

Seruant. Whats the newes?

Man. Plague on theſe iauntings, once we ſhall be old, &
then this trotting life will linger in our bones, all howres are
our nights, we dally with our owne deſtruction.

S. Wil. It cannot be, or if, or if, what if? if it be ſo I am vn-
done, poiſon'd am I with faire promiſes, no maruell tho you
doe forſweare my bed, if yet againe, if what make I here whe
treason is at home, away.

Enter yong Humil.

Humil. The bird that greets the dawning of the daie,
Signes with his wings, the midnights parture,
And the ſleecie dew moiſtning the cheekes
Of morrowes welcome: giues earneſt of the morne;
Yet all ſecure, aduſtrate luſt dos ſleepe,
And I the hatcht yong of this troden henne,
Standſ Centinell to her idolatrie.
Blow you ſweld windes and crack the battlements,
Rouſe their inceſtious luxurie with feare
Of whats to come, yet that were my miſhap,

E

No

The Historie of the two

No silent aire fan on them bawdie breath,
That as they reeke in their licentious loue,
Diuell may seale sure, and Morpheus so pleas'd,
May to their pastime adde affliction
Deliu'ed by the hand of him thats wrongd,
And stands indebted to his destiny:
Yet are they as the hower, whose sandy minutes
Runs out at pleasure till the period comes,
Fast sleeping, and enioy their quiet,
Rouse the blacke mischief from thy ebb'n cell,
Land in the bosomes of this twin in lust,
Him whose heapt-wrong calles vengeance to be iust.
S. Wil. Locke fast that dore and leaue me. Giue me your
light, Sonne *Humil*?

Humil. Father.

Enter sir William and his men.

S. Wil. Thou seest I am obedient at thy call, *Exit seruants.*
I come as messengers that bring their bale,
Sign'd in their lookes, be well aduis'd,
Thou makest a challenge goes beyond all grace,
Should it be false.

Humil. It is my loue to you that makes me sleep
Heart-deepe in disobedience to my mother.

Wretch that I am to thinke her so,
It makes me desperat of prioritie,
Forethinking my beginning to be bace,
Conceau'd in such mistrust and frailty,
My front hath that impression still,
Adding a blush to my distemperature,
And I am crest-falne in sanguinitie,
Pray ye belecue me, would it were not so.

S. Wil. Enough watch & be secret, I will enter,
Sit as the night rau'en or the skreeking owle,
Over my portall, menasing ill chance
To all within: for death is to my blood
A blessing, while this fevor killes,
Almost my intellect or better part,

Ye

Maids of More-clacke.

Yet shees thy mother, and no sonne but hates
His owne disgrace so highly merited,
And I belecue thee.

Ha. Sir, truth is truth, my conscience and religion
Bindes vp in me, and since I doe proclaime
Detraction from my blood, by her misdeede,
Giue me leaue to report a flye a flye,
If it offend the vertue of mine eie.

S. Wil. Tis true.

And yet me thinkes it should not be,
How hardlie will this scandall take impression,
Where resolu'd christianity dos dwell?
But I will trie the gold, perhaps tis base,
Who knowes the hearts affection by the face.

Exit.

Hamil. Scarlet is scarlet, and her sin blood red,
Wil not be washt hence with a sea of water,
Is this my hand, or is the fire fire?
whose scorching heate dissolues relētting mettall,
When as it tries the substance, yes, and I
Make knowne my mother is an alien,
From my blood, so to fall off, and perish
Euen in her pride of blisse, damn'd be the slaue
That so attempts her spotlesse chastitie
To ruine, I know that yet smooth looke,
Plotted, contriu'd, and wooon her with deuise,
She neuer knew a double character till now,
But single singler she ever rulde,
Euen modesty her selfe, *Vesta* resign'd to her,
And vertue hand in hand at barly-breake,
Ran the swift course, none but a hound of hell,
Hunted this fawne of fortune to his kennell,
But my mother, forgetting her degree,
Dos captiuate loue, life and liberty,
By one deedes practise, wicked, nay farre worse,
Fatal disgrace, honours created course.

S. Wil. Foole, foole, foole. *Enter S. Wil. Hamil. Ha.*

The History of the two

S. Wil. Tight bubble swell and breake, would'st thou belecue all this, and giue a glosse to slaunders crueltie: ripening reproch it selfe with thy fond care, o *Humil, Humil.*

Humil. Sir.

S. Wil. Thou art a villaine, and hast cast vp hilles against heauen it selfe: when sonnes vnto their mothers are so false, O where is grace? hudwinckt from honour, sham'd to shew her face.

Humil. Is it not so?

S. Wil. Trust thy owne eies, go, thou shalt see a sight Will melt thy stubborne spleene in pittie,
Sweetely she sleepes, whose innocent respect
Smiles in her dreames, the childlike gouerne,
Laughing lowd in their simplicitie,
While waking, mischief seokes that to vndoe,
Which true requir'd, stands centinell vnto,
Goe and returne with shame.

Humil. With shame, diuell of mischance whats this?
Did I not see their curted guilt looke big?
Was I in traunce of my beleefe, ha, was I?
Can be no iugling in it: can there?

Exi.

S. Wil. No thou art constant as the northren starre,
And I as giddy as the vntam'd Leopard,
That sees no meanes but dire destruction,
Flinging his foame to poison in his waie
Mans mischief, plotted to his ouerthrow:
Heto'd me true, o that I liue to thinke so,
Or they so wretched to deserue the thought,
Soundly they slept, whose flübers ki'd me waking,
Yet to recover halfe slaine reputation,
Done haue I, what to purpose practiseth
If it preuaile, our honour so reseru'd
Will kicke at all malignant crueltie
That taints our name with euer liuing skorne,
Fortune be for me, I will that recover
Which diuell him selfe cries guilty too, my fame

The

Maides of More-clacke.

The flight it wings, imps feathers of renowne,
That left al's lost, my birth-right rumbles downe,

Enter Humil amazed.

Humil. Sir I am sorry.

S. Wil. How can they excuse such wanton looseneffe,
know they I stand here to thunder vengeance on their luxury.

Humil. My mother's fast asleepe, and I awake, am in a transue maze, vnwitting how to make my peace with God her selfe and you.

S. Vvil. why are they not together?

Humil. Not in bed.

S. Vvil. Thou should'st with *Argos* hundred eyes,
Search in the chinkes and corners round about,
It cannot be but she is extant there, ha, is she not?

Hum. I am confounded in the search, please your iustice
be my torture, I haue murdered innocence, sorrow is not the
way, death is the least, I challenge cruelty and vge the exactest point of perill, slave that I am to liue.

S. Wil. A sonne, a sonne, to do so to a mother.

Humil. Fare ye well, rather then be a wirtnes of my wrong,

I will not see my selfe in't, go thou worse then,
He sacrifice to the diuill, that tempted thee, all thy
Dislempered thoughts, cry mercy to her sectes.

To spotlesse innocence be free, say all thy treasons,

Build on slippery ice, and thou art frozen cruelty,

Sir, for your wrongs, if you remit black torture, tis

My hell, and I appeale to sterne rigor, O you sonnes,

Whose true obedience shines in maiesty.

While mine more vgly then is vulcans tithye.

Smels ranker then despised Hemlocke

Curse and ban him, I am your subiect to't

And euery mother, whose snow innocences

Feeles soft and tender, as the downe on palme,

Rate my rebellion with a blisseles name,

And for my sake giue misaduenture aime.

The Historie of the 120

Guide 'hem to me, say I am such a sonne,
Through whom a mother is so soone vndoone,

S Wil. Let me not see the while thou liu'st away,
Let thy repentance shew it selfe in this,
Not to be seene where thou hast done amisse.

Catrine depart.

Hum. I will, this tongue that slandered,

S Wil. Be her slaunder still.

Hum. It is too much already, was I bewicht,
That thus at hud-man blind I dallied
With her I honor'd? ô you times how haue you
Nurst me, but no more, *Humil* hath branded on his
Mothers name, an *Æthyops* blacknesse, and
A spotted staine, forgive me that and all. *Exit.*

S Wil. What need I to afflict reuenge on him
That on himselfe exasperates, farewell thou pride
Of sonnes, who to a father in supposition onely and
by law, art all so louing, that thy mother dalling
With wâtones as girles with gauds, thou not respectes
The womb that brought thee forth, but ill attempting
So, and so thou rumourst, as the fault ripe in act,
Is blowne to aire, and though her sonne thou
Vtter'st what they were, thou shalt not loose by't
Now it fits, I challenge from the offence some right,
And adde confine to this adultery
Wife, wife, rise and come forth.

Enter Lady, in her night gowne, and night attire.

Lady. Call ye sir?

S Wil. Yes, take my closset key, let forth your louer,
Giue me some ease by way of reason yet, and I will
Allay our discontent, O God so new to marriage, and
So stale, couldst thou so soone reuolt, so soone, ha?

*Enter Iames vnrady, in his night-cap, garterles with
the Lady.*

Iames. I must acknowledg all.

Lady. O No, some better looze,

This

Maides of More-clacke.

This will but adde to mischief torture
Vse patience now be reconcil'd to feare,
Be doue-like humble, and leaue that to me.

Iame. How can I, when the brand is on my brow,
But by exclaime, giue ease to torture,
My braine is scar'd, and I am liueles in't?

S Wil. Kneele not.

Ambo. A sentence, let vs dy.

S Wil. No matuel though you vow this abstinence
When deputed by him, you shunne my bed,
You do deserue your iointer well,
To admit a fellow in a true mans place,
I thanke ye for it, yes. *Lady.* Sir.

S Wil. No, no words I know you can alleadge,
The diuell has scripture for his damned ill,
And this dos neighbor it, go and attire ye.
Be smilefull, and expresse no grieve in lither,
Rather be tickling sportfull, topt in pleasure.
Then daunted any way, that me concernes.
To vse the mad-mans guise, but I am past it,
Since what is done, no reference hath to wish,
I am for credit sake, supportable, al's well,
Content am I to be senseable, and feele my
Fortunes as I may, ranking my selfe with such,
As sometime liu'd in my repute most base,
Faith all is well belecue it, I am satisfied:
I know you do repent, and that's my remedy,
Other amends I looke not for, In, and attire ye,
But stay you with me.

Lady. I am obedient.

Exit Lady.

S Wil. Go thou shame, neuer till now posselt,
And in a breath confounded, sir, you see your wrongs
Shine through the horne, as candles in the cue,
To light out others, thinke you this misdeede,
Merits saluation?

Iames. I must acknowledge contrary.

Wilt

The History of the two

S. VVil. Wilt thou for all this spight, yet vse me kindly in the next?

James. Command me sir.

S. VVil. Not for the second, this mistake me not,
Rather to binde thee from it, if hereafter,
Fashion of frailty summon vs to feare
I must be plaine, and therefore thus:
Looke when soeuer I hold vp this finger,
Signing my lippes with it, and cry begone,
Euen then be speedy to depart the land.
If not, all power of mischiefe that I can, I will
and so resolute.

James. Sir, I am ready to the minute.

S. VVi. It may be, other reasons wil restraine me
As causelesse moriues, not seeing guiltinesse.
In needy sequences perhaps our heart will in it selfe take
truce with this mischance, or if it doe not, yet attend our
spleene, it will be better for ye.

James. In humble duty.

S. VVil. Goe, giue coppies of good countenance to our
friends, thinke all is well, for so it is, I that am all in grieve,
am all in suffering, I forgive the reason, Fare ye well. *Exit.*
What I will do, is bar'd vp in this closter,
The key that opens it, is my reuenge.
Turn'd by a hand whose palme dos itch with fire
Til al consume, a cuckold, cuckold *William* sir is
Its euen so, would I were yet the last or least,
But not by thousands go too then, am I all alone, in this
Who is't that tongue calles man
That is assured of his wiues conditions?
None, or if any, there the *Phoenix* liues
Vnfellow'd, be his fate renown'd while mine
Is mockery, and a Iestiuie stock, to all that knowes me.
O you starres blaze fire, till this abuse be quenched
By my desire. *Exit.*

Enter

Maids of More-clacke:

*Enter Tutch like a welch knight, and Filbon as
a seruant waiting.*

Tutch. Harkeye Morris.

Filbon. I Sir.

Tutch. Where is Tailer? dudge me, will knog his pad,
What is chirken with cold button done, say you.

Filbon. Excellent, this is welch indeede, O my honest

Tutch.

Sause box, rowly powly, am I not your master?

Filbon. You are sir, pray ye pardon me.

Tutch. You must haue your left eie Diamiter wise,
Fixt on my right heele, and all the offices,
A seruant owes in dutie to his Master, performe
As naturally as if the fortie shilling time
Were come, lest I leaue talking welch, and crack your pate in
English.

Filbon. I shall obey sir.

Enter M. Auditor in a Marchants habite, with Tabitha.

Auditor. Fairest of beauties, loue her seemely selfe,
For thy two eies are *Cupids*, which doe shoote
From thy inamor'd bow, shafts all of gold,
Headed with mettall of immortall prooffe.
In thy faire bosome liues two hearts relenting,
Thine penetrable, through attoning pittie,
Mine longing by desire to scale the fort
Of loues faire presence, make me happie,
Sigae to my fute, but ye, for tis thy censure
Makes me thus bold, pronounce faire iudgement,
Either of life or death, I that plead loue,
Doubly deuoted, challenge from thy dietie
A maiden answere, let it come bright fire,
To trie the substance of my loues resolute.

Tabitha. Sir, in sooth and veritie beleene me,
That I am faire tis credible, but to shoote
Arrowes, whose heads haue such immortal prooffe,
Tis most erroneous and false, sfour your a puritane,

The Historie of the two

A citizen I me sure, her canuas curran bags,
Stuff with sweete sinnamon and cloues,
Good sir you are deceau'd in me, I me country plain
Without this nicetie, and do you loue me, yes?
Then craue an answer without ceremonie,
Fetcht from proud *Ouid* in his *Arte amandi*,
I doe not like it I.

Tutch. Ples you Latie.

Tabitha. Sir and you, tell me of *Cupids* eies,
shot from inamord bowes with hearts relenting, doubly de-
uoted, and I know not what.

Tutch. Ples you sirgen.

Tabitha. No sir no, giue me plaine curtesie,
Drawing on loues white hand a gloue of warmth,
Not cheuerell, stretching to such prophanation,
You ouerthrow loues dietie in this,
And putrisie his altars with bad breath.
I am a dairy hufwife, no such wanton,
So easily flatter'd with farre fetcht replies.
Yet I esteeme this worthlesse person free,
And tho not faire, yet something fortunate.

Tutch. Harg ye now Latie.

Tabitha. Sir cry you mercie.

Tutch. Was a knight; marg you, of Englife in Wales, welse
blood, and tis no mock in en to marrie in welse blood,
is it?

Tabitha. Sir all the smiles a modest maid, can in this
kinde make proffer of, are youres, in your faire welcome,
blame me not, though his vnkindnesse made me negligent
in your kinde entertaine.

Auditor. Neglect me so.

Tabitha. Wiues vnto Citizens are trades-mens daughters,
I am a blood of gentle composition,
My minde dos equall it, I must be coacht,
Banckqueted euery where, courted abroad,
At home flattered, for my private vse,

Maids of More-clacke.

I must haue fancies, playfellows, as apes,
Monkies, baboones, mus, fannes; receits,
Costly abilliments of seuerall suites,
Wil ye giue this? twil breake you sir,
And crack your credits faire condition, no,
Citizens would, but cannot answere so.

Tutch. Harg you, marry with her, and God dudge me,
all is yours, was a knight haue land, and a great deale of ri-
shes, wil maintaine you well, say you.

Tabitha. This gentleman or this, before a Citizen, you sir
pardon me I wil ha none.

Auditor. Then whom you wil, call you this modestie to
be so waspish? giuen to slight men off with inciullitie, giue
me leaue to remember.

Tabitha. What you please, all the world except one or
two, my eie mores that trouble but my sight. *Filbon* for
me, man else but meere illusion and idolatry, vaine worship,
images of molten mettall, which to drosse dissolud, appeare
as nothing to my iudgement, but his worth beyond com-
pare, gentle and suffring as the silent aire, that tho it brooke
the buffets of base breath, yet in it selfe tis heavenly, free
from earth.

Tutch. Harg you, was knight in house cald *Sir William*
Perger. *Tabitha.* *Verger* sir?

Tutch. Morris was say true, giue a ducket, looke you tucke
it, is marke, marke you that, and marke is 13 shillings foure
pence, good currans money, and how doe you? well, whan
was *sir Robert Morgan*, mik you latie, grace a God.

Auditor. You sir!

Tutch. Was I ye pray you?

Enter Sir William, sir Rafe, Henry, a Priest of Putney.

S. W. l. Thinke you Master *Auditor*, knew nothing sir.

Sir Rafe. Vpon my soule I thinke it.

I did winde him subtilly as hounds the game.

The History of the two

New got on foote, for instance he lamented oft his sonnes proceedings, neglecting his owne house, lest you in quest of her should search it, belecue me sir I tell you what I know.

S. Wil. Tis likely, sonnes in these doting daies
Wil from their fathers alienate, differ stil
From loues obedience, and in hearts affection,
Ioyne hand to had, though beggery neighbor it,
And let them go.

Henry. Sir, I am free then from your feare.

S. Wil. I good sir Henry I was wrong inform'd,
I am your patron in all loue.

Henry. Long may ye live, so sir I find you gentle,
And a good benefactor to poore schollers,
We ha few such, many we rather haue,
That sell the Church rights, then maintaine them,
And in my next stanze, I shall tickle them.

S. Wil. Speake conscience and no more.

Henry. Nay as for that sir pardon me,
I seldome exercise without that thought,
What my text leads me to, I wil pronounce,
Mauger the diuel of iudgement.

S. Wil. Soft.

Tutch. Blesse you gallant knight, a marchant sir,
Of London am I, my estate secure, and so it please you co-
uet this faire maid in marriage, nothing else.

S. Wil. Know you him Sir Rafe?

S. Rafe. Not well sir, but by guesse, he is indifferent rich,
has broke three times, made his head hose by meanes, & that
say I, as this world shapen, is secure policie, what think you
sir?

S. Wil. I doe not thinke it so, though common practise
finds it furthering shifts, doe the diuel resemble, & banck-
rout bace nesse makes good credit tremble, like it not.

Tutch. Plesse you Aunt, harg you now, knight was loue this
virgin, and God wil, must make her wife, shall be her lary,
go

Maides of More-clacke.

go in Wales, great worship God willing.

Sir Vvil. O know this knight, he was created tother day.

S Raf. *Sir Rober Morgan*, o sir, such a one, whose reputation reacheth to the best, merits a good coniunction, wer't my daughter, she should haue him; o beware when maiesty shines in a mans estate.

They long stand firme, spread wide regenerate
And though base borne, yet honour makes them swell,
Like clustred grapes, till mature sweetnes brings,
Lussious conclusion.

S Wil. I haue some mind to him, sir you receiue
Kind welcome, let it store your thoughts with
Those sweet motions louers wish to enioy, she may,
perchance, all things concluded on, be for ye.

Tuto. Was a clad man, Morris fetch trunck of parrel
was lye here a foure weeke, will not out now.

Was welcome, plague on you, was loue ye.

S Wil. Sir, as for you, being citty proud, my daughters looke
fits on a Courtiers brow, what saist my girle?

Tabis. O sir, a Courtier on my life, I loue to sit vp late,
Ly long it h morning, nor with sweete meates, and
To play at shuttle-cock, me thinkes the games now
In my narmes, in any hand a Courtiers wife and
Why not? his black iet shewes best about
Beauties necke, and I am proude of such
A futer, if I vnderstand not his welche, like
A good peece of ord'nance, I shall ly fast vpon the
Bulwarke, and discharge my obedient English
Must be a Lady sir.

S Vvil. Yet welcome sir, let it not grieve you.

And. Signior, no, you'r welcome to the wife I wooe,

Henry. And mistres, might I be the man to strike the stroke.

Tabish. You, or else none, sir *Henry.*

S Vvil. Troth she saies true, but listen me for that, come
Gallants enter with me, we will feast, theres little labour lost,
where try all bids presumption scyre the coast.

The Historie of the two

Henry. Right to a haire, tis mine, and I must do't
I see my fees, my rich aduantage, sirha boy,
Shall wee haue worke, in faith and shall we? *exit.*

And. Conclude, ile busie him, Sir *Rafe.*

S. Raf. Sonne, you see to what a happy issue this disguise
Speakes faire, you know the plots, boldly proceede,
Tis ours in action, but your owne the deede, I must
Shunne all suspicion by my presence, looke to't boy.
If thou failest now, for euer loose thy ioy. *exunt.*

Tute. Ha, ha, master, I a Welchman, a Hangman.

Tab. A tricke now on my maiden-head, I did mistrust it,
Come leaue the rest to me, this Priest shall marry vs incon-
tinent.

Filb. I, if I were the Welchman.

Because your father gaue him light thereto.
Therefore come sirha, weele shift clothes, meete vs at Putney
as my father shall mistrust ye.

Sir Rafe. I will, excusing your departure till anone,

Filb. do gentle loue.

Heauen on our venture smiles, this to approue.

Tabit. O it cannot choose.

Fathers are fortunate in this good newes.

Go ye drones, ye do not loue the hie,

Theres hony in't, t's a sweet thing to winne.

Tutch. I must breake the ice for ye, if I slippe vp to the
chinne, now you will pull me out, saue mee from drowning
mistresse.

Tabuha. Feare it not.

Exit.

Tutch. I would bee loath betwixt Welch and English, to
bee hanged, mistresse, I cannot liue on the bargaine, come
sir, ile shift with them, and now I must shift with you.

Filb. I clothes, good *Tutch.*

Tutch. And vse me no worse being your man, then I vsed
you, being mine.

Filb. O better, better.

Tute. O loue, thou art a begger, yet I am thy debter. *exunt.*

Enter

Maides of More-clacke.

*Enter two sailers with a truncke, wherein is Mistresse
Mary in her winding sheete, others with pick-axe
and spades, as on the sands.*

Tour. Set downe the heauieft load
That euer true affection vnderwent,
To you tis like the Anchor of your ship,
Heauy at first, but easly waied seemes light,
To me, that not supports her bodies waight,
Tis heart deep in the burthen, & too pōderous
Sad, heauy is that load, whose leaden poize,
Is as a sullen sorrow, too, too pressing.

Mr. Sir, I would wish you to be brieft.

Tour. Dig ho. this golden beach, whose glittering sands
Shewes with the sunne as Dyamonds set in gold,
Firly intombs a iewell of much worth,
Whose liuing beauty staine all lapidary.

Mr. She was most gentle which was worth all riches.

Tour. And this nights tempest did a cruell deede,
To take from me a vallue of such price.

Mr. Sir, though our seas kill women with their frownes
vs their bug-beare threates are womanish, and so we leaue e'm.

Tour. Leauing your selfe and all, sometime,

Mr. Euen so, no safer in our beds,
Or on the land, but vnder deaths black stroke,
And he that is the surest, sits in state,
Dyingly tended by the hand of Fate.

Tour. And yet me thinkes death should not
Take her from me, being scarce mine owne.
But newly wed, neuer bedded yet.
So that the Ceremony burning bright,
Himen yet hath his tapers flaming red.
And the bold boastings of that good mans breath,
That all religiously made one of two.
Hardly digested in the freezing cold,
Little I thought the priests word being, euer,
Should find his period in so short a time.

Mr.

The History of the two

Mr. Sir, but the gift was giuen ye on condition,
Till death depart, better or worse,
Me thinkes this Catechizing little needes,
To humane guiding, and to you the Iesse
Knowing what openly you do confesse.

Tom. Beare w'e me maister, he that pines in griefe,
Liues as you sailors doe, thinking at sea,
Every storme ends, when flattery flouts ye,
So to our loue-sick sorrow comes a calme,
By ease of fancies, when tis furthest,
And many times the weapon that doth wound,
Is salue, and Surgeon both, to make all sound.

Mr. Are ye ready sir?

Tom. All fitted, let me take my last farewell,
I am all gelly in my teares and sighes,
Wasted by waiting her vntimely losse,
So long I did consume in drops of woe,
That contrary I laugh to thinke it so.
He that weepes much, hauing no teares to spend,
Smiles out the rest, but inwardly does rend,
O God that I ventring so hard a chaunce,
Should loose my dice, before my hand be out,
Tis euen so, in all things man intends
The losse is ours, the winnings not our friends.

Mr. For charity be brieft, should the wind
Turne his beake into the southerne side
Our ship would leaue vs, dally not with griefe,
Once and no more, let sorrow rule as chiefe.

Tom. Then thus, and this the last,
Moll, I take leaue yet on thy hersed selfe,
Dead selfe, and selfe slaine, *Moll* decest
I am thy morning musike, call thee vp,
To wedded rights, I leade thee to the Church,
And there receiue thee, dine with thee at noone,
Daunce all the after day, bring thee at night
Into the wedding chamber, thus is it.

And

Maids of More-clacke.

And here I leaue thee to thy virgen slumber,
Neuer attempted, as thy birth bestowd,
Madam beginning, take it in thy end,
So liue thus die, once my married friend,
And nothing else, gone art thou to a power,
Which will wish welcomes take thee, lest I am
To the worlds crosse, thy father who inrag'd,
Will bitterly reuenge thy death on me,
But I will proue his martyr, se thee *Moll*,
Foole that I am to say so, here is all,
Gownes, tire, all abilliments of thine,
No rag shall rest remembrant in my viewe.
To stirre the imbers of thy dying fire,
I kisse thy key cold corse, and with this key,
Lock thee for euer vp, farewell, farewell,
My mouth the Church, my voice thy
Parting knell. All eares that liue and heare
This bell to coule, Christian-like bid peace vnto
her soule.

Mr. Amen, be speedy mates, see ye not, looke
The blewnesse of yon cloud dos threaten winde,
If it rise faire, we shall be lodgd in France,
But not where please the fates. *Dispatch.*

Within. A board, a board, heie. *a crie within.*

Mr. Hollo, linger no time aboard, you heare
With me ho, will the rest stay? how a yeare?
O God that man should leaue behind,
And liue, the loue of soule and minde.

Exeunt, and leaue the pikax and spades behinde.

Enter Governour and a Gentleman.

Governour. Sir welcome to Scillie,
Where I command my brothers friends haue welcome,
But now my flattery gets you on this beach,
Where you prospectiuely see many countries,
Learn this of me, where dāger shootes her string,
We in our neighbour neereneesse ought to feare:

G

But

The Historie of the two

But arm'd by our foresight, make bold resist
Against the brags of forraigne enemies.

Gentle. I haue not seene a better glasse to looke in,
What country call you yon, whose cloudes are as the cloudes
smoake, and all shadowing mists?

Gener. Sir that is France, a faire besecming friend,
On yonder continent stands *Ireland*,
On this side *Brittaine*, and on that side *Garsie*,
Ilands besides of much hostilitie,
Which are as sun-shine, sometimes splendidous,
Anon disposed to altering frailtie.
We that all neighbor mult so strength our being.
As fearelesse we may frolicke, yet not seeing.

Gentle. I vnderstand ye sir.

Gener. Now let my longing haue content in you,
With the report of them you lately saw,
My brother *Vergir* and his children,
Is he a widower still at *More-clacke*?

Gent. Married sir vnto a London cast away,
One whose decayed husband left to liue,
(Though poorely) yet your brothers Lady.

Gener. It is his choice, and I subscribd to't,
But for his daughters sir?

Gent. Alas, in them is he vnhappy,
One is haild from him by stolne practises,
The other liues as though she were not his,
A goodly gentlewoman, but her owne in heart,
She will be gone to, for her gouernement
Stands vpon will, as men stand on the beach,
Seeing the sea wherein they must be dround,
Yet fearelesse venter on the ruthlesse maine,
She will regardlesse of her father, marry,
And dos as most, long for the miserie,
Signd to them in their cradles.

Gener. Sorry am I.

Ha, what scrambled ends heape vp confusedly?

Maids of More-clacke.

New digd and ript vp is this plot of ground,
Some Shipwrack on my life, hid to deceiue
The Queene and me of our aduantages.

Gentle. Likely sir,

And see our sodaine coming scar'd from hence,
In the new ending, such as pil'de this heape,
Behinde them haue they left their implements
Which did the theft, what thinke ye sir if we
Redig the ground, should we depart & leaue it?
At midnight wold they fetch their borrowings.

Gouer. I like your purpose, ile make one.

Gentle. What doe you thinke it is sir?

Gouer. No bodie buried, it is sure some goods,
wrackt on the sea, money or rich commoditie.

Gentleman. Tabacco then.

Gouernour. Tis likely, for with vs men smoke ther lands
thorough their nostrils, shall I tell ye sir, tis a commoditie
may well be spared.

Gentle. Good lucke a gods name, sir it is a truncke.

Gouer. Lift sir.

They lift it out.

Gentle. Tis quicke, it heau'd as I heau'd it.

Gouer. Yfaith I thinke so to, in heart of hope I will be all
so bold, as to breake way.

Gentle. Ha.

They breake the Truncke open, and she sits vp.

Mary. If you be men and borne of that weake sex,
Which I my selfe professe, being woman,
Pittie the liuing sorrowe of a maide,
Buried for dead, but backe againe recal'd,
By the diuinitie of heauenly power,
Amaze not, I am creature, flesh and blood,
Not as I seeme, a pale and earthly Ghost,
The story when you heare it shall make plaine,
The wofull chance of life so lately slaine.

Gouer. I had acquaintance with this voice, my cosin.

Gentle. Tis she, sir, tis Mistris Mary Kirger, I know her.

The History of the two

Marie. My name recalles my memorie,
And I am such a creature, oh,
My vnckle, where am I? returne againe,
Death thou art wanton in a louers paine.

Goner. Cosin I will not question the particulars,
The time calles on a present comfort,
And your life halfe spent,
Makes true necessitie delay no longer,
Therefore come, as leasure we shall heare,
The dying story of your miserie.
How euer, glad I am that such a chance,
Laded in Scilly not in neighboring Frace.

*Enter in Filbon in welch attire, and Tutch in seruingmans, like
one another, with them S. Rafe, M. Auditor & Tabitha.*

Auditor. If euer you vs'd speede, be swift as lightning,
Shoote as the starres in their celestiall sphears,
Go and returne as *Paris* did from *Greece*,
With that immatchles *Hellen*, tell the Priest
It must be done, he will beleue your haste,
Because twas quickned with the former grant,
And promised by the knight himselfe,

S. Rafe. Let me alone to make the way, follow you
sonne. *Exit.*

Filbon. And if I doe not let me loose my prize.

Auditor. Wheres the knight?

Tabitha. Busie with one, who comes as coniu'r'd vp from
Cupids quiver, stroken deepe in loue, he is a Pothecary.

Tutch. I know him his mother was a. *Audi.* Peace.
Him will I busily attend, go you dispatch while I detaine the
father, if this proue, tis comicke pleasure in the schoole of
loue. *Exit.*

Filbon. We must be quick and sodaine, come.

Tutch. Slip like your Ele.

Tabitha. If any man know any lawfull cause why these
two may not marry, now speake, or else for euer mumb, I
am gone yfaith.

Tutch.

Maides of More-clacke.

Tutch. Master, remember, you ha my tongue.

Filb. yes, and thou mine, let me alone to counterfeit, *exiūt*

Enter sir William with Humil, like a Potheary.

S. VVil. Thinke on your oth.

Hum. Sir, if I do not, let me dye.

When I haue poison'd her with this confectiō:

Be you cloudy kild with sorrow, tis a skin,

Will draw to purpose on the straitest gloue,

But then your promised reward.

S. VVil. My daughter and my goods,

I haue no other sonne but you, all is thine,

Question not the reason, why this is,

For I haue many, and amongst them one

Sites all the rest, that knowne to thee,

Will rather hasten death, then pitty it.

Go, I will bid my guests, for to this feast:

Shal she haue noble poison, twill cause feare,

Vse lesse suspition, and my mortall hate,

Shall it selfe kennell in the pride of state.

Hum. giue order for the banquet,

S. VVil. within there.

enter Lady.

Lady. Sir, what is your will?

S. VVil. To murder thee, *he speakes aside*

Hum. She dies sir, if I liue, I am a Potheary.

And can knead the paste to purpose, she is gon

Had she a thousand liues laid vp in one.

S. VVil. Wife, I must haue thee paint,

And set a glosse vpon this louely front,

To moue, and to attract all eies looke as the sonner,

Which glads all hearts with his bloud-creasing spring:

Vse thy best graces, though most proudly

I will haue it so, fit thee to all state,

Deck't in thy choifest ornament, shine glo-worme,

In the noone of night, for at this supper.

I will haue more then all our friends,

Musike seuerall, Masques and Reuellings.

The Historie of the two

In which thou shalt be mounted as the bride,
And I the iolly Bridegrome, will tend on thee,
As duty and the time commands me.

Lady. Whereof comes this cost?

S. Vill. Examine not, but lay your best end now to:
Councell with this Pothecary which I sent for
To the businesse, pray ye vse your art:
For I am bent to this consumption,
Wheres our seruant *James*?

Lady. Within sir, shall I call him?

S. Vill. No, I wil waire on him, for tis my duty.
Such as would spend in feasts, are but the slaues,
To attend the pleasures of consuming knaues.
And I am one of those, he is the flower
That I must crop too in this fatall hower.
Pray ye appoint sir, she will fit you well,
My purse shall puruey what you shall determine,
What we will be wastful sometime, & our owne,
We vncontrol'd may dispose of: tis our loue,
Rather our destinie, hate ioin'd to this brow,
A hornethat drawes on death, no matter how. *Exeunt.*

Lady. Sir, in my cloffet serue your selfe with sugers, there
are spices of the purest, vse them in this cost, what else you
want, please you command, they shall attend you.

Humil. I want vertue in a mother, are you one?

Lady. I am a mother to an absent sonne,
But not to vertue wanting, wrong me not.

Humil. Wrong not your selfe.

Lady. I neuer will.

he discovers himselfe to his mother.

Humil. You haue.

Lady. Humil. O my shame and not my sonne.
By thee a mother is made miserable.

Humil. By me blacke sinne? no by thy owne neglect, made
perfect by my true intelligence, and how euer cunning
masqu'd and don'd the villard that so muffled me, I knew
not who was in the bed.

Lady.

Maides of More-clacke.

Lady. Your eies were witnesles.

Humil. And holy ones.

Lady. Found you the man you loo'kt for?

Humil. No, twas a subtill straine, so hudwink't truth,
I am a traytor if I did not see *James* your man fast in your
armes.

Lady. Thou art a traytor then, if any *James* were there, hee
was no man of mine, he was thy father.

Lady. Maruell not, at leasure I will tell thee all,
His late returne, the tricke to place him here,
My stay, and his continuing in this house, which
Knowne, thou wilt no sin account, to keep our owne.

Hum. O you prophetique Fairies, how dally you,
In concaues of our hearts, sham'd at my errour
I thought for euer to be from your sight,
But thinking, truth was blinded, I forethought
Some following businesse, thus I altered
Comming as one disguised to saue her life,
Dami'd for that fact.

Lady. My life?

Hum. You must be poisoned at this feast,
Tis I must do the deede, o mother,
How are you blest in my returne from trauell,
I that to light bring your offence, so thought,
Must be the pardon at your iudgement brought.

Lady. Ah me.

Humil. No more, much secrecie calles on vs,
Acquaint me with my father, plead my guilt.
We shall with cunning so vnfold this businesse,
That our hopes shall strengthen as they perish,
No idle practise, but a serious toile,
Must bring home conquest from this long wisht spoile.

Enter Henry, Filbon, Tabitha, Sir Rafe, Tutch.

Henry. If I lock vp this treason, let me perish, *exeunt.*
No sir, my breast is yet an vncorrupt and holy house,

That

The History of the two

That harbors in it, nought but honestie, and to do
This wrong to my patron, *per deum atque hominum fidem.*

Tabith. No matter if you tell it now, tis done, *finis* men
Say, concludes the auncient worke, and this
Though newly done, cries so be it.

Henry. If keepe secrets, can be but offence, and so tis now,
May be, I loose my place, but theres a friend which
Turning calles detraction, at his heeles liues hope,
Whose cunning quicknes euery fault to fauour.

Fils. Why true, and we shall as we may excuse it,
Twas a deede done in welch, you vnderstood it not.

Tabith. Let me alone to buckler thee sir *Henry.*

Henry. Can ye ward your selfe?

Tabith. This was a passe, twas Fencers play, and for the
after venny, let me vse my skill.

S. Rafe. How euer girle, thou art my daughter now,
What thou shalt loose in father, from thy owne,
Thou vncontrold shalt find as much in his,
And I am he.

Tabith. And I acknowledge both this in my Lord, my
head, my husband, at whose bed I am obedient, at whose board
I am obedient: all in all, I am the wife of *Filbon*, whose rough
Welch, hath got a constering English, parse it boy, Nounes,
Pronounes, Verbs, Aduerbs, and God giue thee ioy.

Tutch. With vocatiue ô, your father heares it.

Tabith. And ablatiue caret, takes his daughter.

Henry. Then, in pluraliter, ah has a sonne.

Fils. So singular and plurall all is done.

Enter Auditor, like a Merchant still.

Auditor. If euer you were swift be nimble now, what ha ye
married, tide this knot?

Tabith. I, and the earnest blow giuen, feare it not.

Henry. Sir, I haue set my hand to't, seal'd the deed,
Pray God it cancell not in me.

Aud. Then part, and euery one be silent.

There is a feast appoized at the knights.

Tabitha

Maids of More-clacke.

Tabitha. Our marriage dinner, is it?

Auditor. A gallant one, much cost is threatned.

And the good old knight vnuckles from his backe, the libe-
rall load of honour, dos proclaime triumphs, and welcome
vnto all, calles for his wife, charges her care, commands his
seruant *Iames* to inuite his guests, which in a rolle stands quo-
ted, theres a new come pothecarie, and he bribes, euen grace
her selfe in this assembly, and dos promise his furtherance in
the businesse, on the sodaine you are mist, daggers and di-
uels the knight cries wheres my daughter? one vp ascends
to search the chambers, another runs to seeke for this lost
daughter. I knowing more then much in this her absence,
singled my selfe to warne you of his search, hether will hee
come, for he feares yong *Filbon*, missing the suters, calling
for the marchant, I answered not (being absent) in this heere
the welch man, where is he? none can be found, cries out he
knowes not what, and all his word is now, a plott, a plott, a
plott.

S. Rafe. What will ye doe?

Tabitha. Kisse and part, till fit occasion of our next salute,
Filbon farewell, my husband thinke on me, I am thy treasure
but thou bear'st the keie. *Exit.*

S. Rafe. I will home.

Auditor. And I will see the rest, what will you sir doe?

Exit.

Henry. Nay I ha done enough, I am vndone in my selfe,
Heimih quod nullo, I must doe this deede, twas I *panca* the
rest, Ile homme sir, I. *Exit.*

Tutch. What rests for welch sir *Robert Morgan*, by God
was eragge de pen, and the hangman calles to me, da hum
a, da hum a?

Filbon. I will be at this feast in some disguise.

Tutch. Ile fit ye sir, tis here, I am tutch right, *hic & obique*,
euery where. *Exiunt.*

Enter Sir William Vergir.

S. Wil. Now smiles the instant, & wratches wrinklelea secme,

H

As

The Historie of the two

As smoothed curls vpon a wanton streame,
My hopes grow big, and their deliuey,
Is by our midwife time brought to true birth,
I will not be a pointing stocke to^th world,
No, if this gossip rumor publish it,
It shall be christned with reuenge and death,
Why when, are we growne sluggards now?
Tardy in bountie, shall we niggard it?

*Enter Humil in white sleeues and apron, and others
posting ouer the stage with boxes.*

Humil. Be quicke, carry those sweete meats in,
Bid them that in this businelle haue to doe,
That they attend this rich confectionary,
With no common care, the cost cōmands more loue
And ductie, sir we are fitting to occasion,
Would all your guests were come.

S. Wil. Tis the feasts ductie to attend,
Thou art a willing mischiefe, hast thou fitted
our purpose to the prooffe?

Hu. Haue I, thinke you I am slacke?
Pusht on with hope of beautie and reward,
She dies had she a life more deare
Then the last spring, sole comfort of the yeare.
But I will couer and prepare. *Exit.*

S. Wil. Doe, doe, my daughters thine, my goods, my all,
Blessed beginning to my sorrowes fall.
Wheres my Lady? *Lady. Here.*

*Enter Lady gallant and braue, while Humil
and others prepare.*

S. Wil. That one so heauenly faire should earthly be,
Slauē to misfortune, bace in luxurie.

Lady. Sir for to please your eie, I am thus quaint;
Good faith I am alham'd in my selfe.

S. Wil. How and a woman.
Come blaze thy affections to immodesty,
And tho thy vertues contradict the deede,

Maids of More-clacke.

Be *Venus* wanton, smile, with *Helens* eie,
For I will haue it so.

Lady. I was not so brought vp : I shall endeavor, thomy
cheekes put on sensuable die of other bashfulnesse,

James. Sir your honourable guests are come.

S. Wil. Nay then you wrong me most of all,
Shew not these signes of feare, all's past,
And I am dead in old remembrance,
Troth I am, forget it, as I doe, say on.

James. Coches so fill the pauements of your dore,
That scarce can passage giue the footemen way,
Tis not amisse you goe to meete them sir.

S. Wil. Why well said, spoke with courage, & I wil,
Iouiall like a bridegroome, Lady you see,
They waite on vs, and all attend on thee.

Lady. Worthlesse I am, but since it is your will,
I borrowe light from sun-shine of your beames,
Who glisters so, giues splendor nothing proud,
Darkned by feare, halfe hidden in a cloud.

S. Wil. Nay hand in hand, in faith *James* pardon me,
That dally with the darling of your heart. *Exeunt.*

James. Euen so, but little thinking such a thing,
Small gaine springs from that toile, where industry
Sweats in the browes of others victorie.

Enter Humil busly still.

Hum. Father be mindfull, this presuming knight,
Plaies with the flame, burnes in the candle-light,
When we shall furnish to disfurnish him,
Of what he yet enioies.

James. *Humil*, tis cunningly contriu'd,
and I attend it. *Exit.*

Humil. For charitie be swift.
Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales
Nest vpon nest, These for wines and beare,
The other tend the call of altering diet,
Sirrha, quoth he, we shall sit I trow,

The History of the two

The pleasant purpose of loves appetite,
Ad hand yfaith, and welcome to the feast,
Whose foode is pleasure, dainties but a rest,
And I prouide it for ye.

*Enter Earle, Lords, Ladies, so many as may be, S. Wil.
and his Ladie in complement.*

S. Wil. Right noble & my hearts indored friends,
To preach your welcome, were to drowne the sea
With floods of water. Be it knowne vnto ye,
That your comming solemnely inuited,
Hath that attendance appertaining as the Gods
In their selected Bacchiuels command,
Mary, the Nectar wants, and the Ambrosia,
Smiles in the presence of such earthly wines,
As the worlds compound furnishes with all,
Though it come short of lushius surfering:
Yet willing furtherance makes the value meete,
In her best suite of entertaine, sit then,
And let our musicke relish to the eare:
Such care and cost as loue and welcome giues,
Not to prophane the best except the least,
As prolong to begin this worthlesse feast.

Earle. Sir we are easily won to fawn on frendship,
Spanniel-like, yet with the smiles of men,
Which redeliuers loue for loue,
What we receiue are treasures safely stor'd,
And shall with interest be repaid againe,
Your free, yet frugall, without laushing,
Nor come we to make boote of curtesie,
But value kindenesse in her best of loue,
So wee dwell in your bountie.

S. Wil. Rent-free welcome.
If you thinke this your receptacle, then
Landlord I am, and shall so soundly proue,
As fines forgiuen; you leese, free borne our loue.
Welcome our tenants Landlady.

Lady.

Maides of More-clacke.

Lady. I do, my duty tenders it,
Sit then and frolicke, for to my hearts liking,
Is this day consecrated, blest the meanes,
That added to it, such prosperitie,
While we sat, sighing on the banks of bale,
Blisse kist her cheeke, and bids her ioy, al haile.

S. Wil. I such a storm as when the shower is past,
It driues destruction to thy soule,
Morrall in faith, enigmaies riddles so,
Musike fal too, wise I wil seate thee heere.
With pardon of thy betters.

Ear. In yours she is the best & does command
Place and periority i'th vpper hand,
Besides, her beauty merits as the best,
To ouer shine starres, were they here possest.

Lady. VVell mock't my Lord.

Earle. No, not a whit.

My iudgement erres, if otherwise I censure it,
Sir sirs, for I, although inuited, challenge here
Full flowing welcome, from his lippes that lends,
As vnto me, so much to all my friends,
And I begin vnto ye.

The Earle sits, and all do follow him.

S. Wil. theres a cockrel right,
That learnes to crow from others, good my Earle,
If that my boldnes may, challenge thy owne,
Engadge vnto thy noblenes for euer,
I promise whose performance lightly giues,
Heart willingnes to boote, cods me fill wine.

Filles two glasses, giues her one.

Skink & carouse, wife charge this common shot
Leauell point blanke, see who thy pearling eye,
Can marke to hit, if they be bullet free,
They scape the vnder daunt of courtesie.

Ear. They say hees curst that by a cannon dies,
May I be blest in such a destiny,

The Historie of the two

For of all other, I were onely happy,
Being the ey-marke of so faire a shot.

1. *Lor.* Discharge bright beauty, & shoot home
Make me the man so happy.

2. *Lor.* I, or me.

Ear. Or any, mongst so many, liues free choice
To one as principall, to each a voice.

La. Then to the worthiest, to your selfe my Lord.
By figure of the rest, tis vnderstood,
By the kings nod, he greetes his subiects freely,
Though his eye settle vpon one.

Ear. Euen so to me, I answer & acknowledge
Receite of complement bestowd about
On euery willing, and right welcome guest.
Pray ye all memories.

All. We do so, and he giues a duty.
To gratulate such seeming courtesie.

S. Wil. Nurse, *John*, vnlook't for better welcome,
This is kindly visitation faith,

Enter Filbon, & Tutch, in 'blew like nurse, and Iohnish Hospital.

Filb. Sir, tis my duty, and my beggard boldnes
Makes me presume to trouble ye,

Knowing how you affect this ignorant,
I brought him to giue welcome to your guests,
Hearing at London of this preparation.

S. Vil. At London, is it got so farre abroad?
You see a niggards bounty how it spreades,
Like to a nine daies wonder gentlemen:
And much the more, because tis seldome seene,
That couetous misers are so plentifull,
Faith, tis much in me.

Ear. We find it so, sir *VWilliam*.

S. Vil. now my suck-egge tell me, what's the
newes at London, you heare all.

Tute. That honest men want, and knaues get
money, I ha nothing, nurse ha some, dogs are let

loose

Maides of More-clacke.

To ose, and the beares vndone, ha, ha, ha.

S. *Vvil.* Came ye by foot *Iohn*, or by water?

Tutch. a horse-backe ith boat.

S. *Will.* Art no gal'd with riding, *Iohn*?

Tutch. No, but weary with sitting, nurse shall sing a *Genena* psalme, and bids these beggars welcome.

S. *William.* How beggars, *Iohn*?

Tutch. All the world is so, ha, ha, ha.

Ear. He saies true, chide him not, we are no lesse:

S. *Wil.* Daughter welcome, Nurse all day, at night be your bed-fellow.

Tabis. my nurse, indeede my bed-fellow for euer,
My *Filbon* welcome, welcome as my husband,
My last, and for euer best beloued.

S. *Will.* *James*, To season this good-meeting,
Take hand in hand with our faire wife and dance,
Gallants, my man can trick it with my Lady,
You shall see else, make not squeamish, to't,
It is my will, and what I will shal be.

James. Beseeke ye fir.

S. *Wil.* Befoole ye fir wilt be, wife make not coy

Lad. Since you command it, I am ready.

S. *Wil.* I trow so, but I trust a potion pleades
By this time to true purpose, dos it not?

Hum. I would not be so sped, for all the world,
Tis done too late, tis past.

S. *Wil.* Good ith beginning, let her dance her last
Who fronts me with a *Cornu copian* wreath,
Were she a wise sprung from the race of kings,
Such bitter breathing followes, now ye lamps,
Of spotted *Nemmis*, burne blew, let the fall,
Light on mischiefes selfe, that dallied lately in our
wretchednes, tell her sad sorrow, tombes and epi-
tafes tend her amazing obsequies, & then liue free
thou wrong'd soule from slanders cruelty.

Lady. I am not well fir, pray ye leaue the daunce.

S. *Vvil.*

The History of the two

S. Will. Not well, *James* be gone.

James. Sir, you shall pardon me, vnles with her being not well.

S. Wil. Ha.

James. Thinke you I will, what leaue my country, sir.
Vpon a slight, a trifle, tis more deare to me.

S. Will. Wast not thy promise?

James. Pughe.

S. William. Pughe.

Tab. Madame, leane on me, Ile bring you to your chamber.

Lady. Pre-thee daughter, faith I'me passing ill,
Your honour and the rest must beare with vs,
Tis nothing vsuall, a queasie fit.

Earl. The mother.

Lady. No, the husband.

Good faith I am not woman sick, though woman
But earnest ill, clog'd at the very stomacke with
A sodaine calme, I feare me tis my death.

S. Wil. Nurse help to bring her to her closet, do.

Filb. Excellent fit, supported by vs too.

Tutch. Plague on't, shall I be left alone, master make haster?
But tis my deede, I am author of this shift, hees where hee
would be now, I'me where I should be too, but not wel back't,
yes now I am.

Enter Sir Rafe.

S. Rafe. Beseeke ye pardon me.

Sir William, I am wrongd, and to this company,
I make it knowne by comming of thy daughter:
Is my sonne made her indored husband, shall I
Suffer it, call you this curtesie, tis simple craft?
Cloak't vnder thy denial, is this wol to ingraft with vs vn-
knowne, and so to ioyne yonkers to heirs, he is my onely all,
and married vnto thy daughter?

Enter Filbon and Tabitha.

S. Will. Ha, Married? Nurse, how is't within?

Filb. Shees very ill sir, and I feare.

S. Rafe. That your disguise is knowne, come iuggle not,
call you this Nurse? O thou dissembling boy.

S. William. Are you married?

Tabitha.

Maides of More-clacke.

Tabitha. Sir I must needs confesse it, he's my husband, & the reason?

S. Wil. No matter for the reason, I ha done, God boy ye, Conicatcht by a tricke, and so perswaded, good.

S. Rafe. I am abus'd.

S. Wil. Yes questionlesse you are, I haue all right.

Filbon. You haue no wrong sir, I to affirme your word, When I was woman, and from man I should, and now, I trust my shape dos challenge but your promise.

Tutch. I plaid but *Iohn* come kisse me now saies she, I am *Tutch* your quondam seruant sir, thrust out to thrust them in, a lawfull marriage is no mockery sir, I counterfeited welch, to ioyne this constring English.

Enter Auditor and his sonne Toures.

Earle. What at a gaze sir *William*? cannot be recald.

S. Wil. No, no, more mischief, nay come all together, welcome.

Auditor. Thanke ye sir.

My sonne return'd, surrenders to your doombe his life, for yours so lately lost, deputed in your daughter, for she is dead sir, buried in the ile of Scillie.

S. Wil. Nor amisse, whats the next *Pagan*? all the craft of this is knowne.

Toures. Sir had I too hearts to melt this frozen feare, would thaw with passion, the drops distil'd from our tormēted braine, witnessed by these failers that inter'd her, knowes how I parted with her when she did.

Earle. Is mistris Mary dead?

Toures. She is.

S. Wil. VVell, shall I haue Iustice for her death?

Earle. Command it sir.

S. VVil. To prison with him them, for she is murdred, Sir cause you knew your rapine and your theft, tied to your runaway legs that clog, you were vncertaine of her portion and our loue, therefore to rid that feare, you rid me thus of her (to me) most deare, my owne, my onely eldest of my

The Historie of the two

daughters, oh.

Audi. He be his bale.

S. VVil. Sir tell not me of bale, for my assurance pleads in his life, and he shall die.

Earle. You haue no president for that.

S. VVil. Yes, remember *Donningtons* man, *Grimes*,
VVho for an heire so stolne and married,
VVas hanged, and the sergeant at armes
For assisting them, did loose his place,
If this were done, your theft will hardly scape.

Earle. I thought of that indeede.

Enter James and Humill disguised still.

James. Murder, murder, murder.

Earle. Ha, by whom?

James. By this faire counterfeit of husband, heres my
witnessse, and the deputie in such a mischief.

S. VVil. Nay then.

James. My wife is made away, poison'd here, and you that
should be iust are witnessses.

Earle. VVe follow, speake, explaine this mystery.

S. Wil. Your wife sir.

James. Yes, supposd for dead, as risen from my graue,
I came to More-clacke, but a little late,
Euen when the lying Priest did call her thine,
She knew it, and deuised with her gloue,
To repossesse me of the house she chalengd.
So honourd, I slept with my owne, but thought the contra-
ry, you know what happened, that sonne that so betrayd
his parents thus disguisd, fearing insuing mischief, wrought
by you to haue poison'd his deare mother, twas your bidding,
therefore murder, but the will of heauen bad otherwise, and
yet she liues, wife what say you? *Enter Ladie.*

Ladie. That al is so.

Humil. And I affirme it true, my shape cast off dos answere
sir in few.

S. VVil. Prettie in faith, no maruell you forswore my bed,
Whenu

Maids of More-clacke.

When you had substance for a property,
Sir you must haue your owne, who can deny it?
And I must as the story runs be mum,
Foold in my selfe by my owne slights vndone.
But whats this to my daughter, where is she?
Marie. Here sir.

Enter Governour, Mary and others.

Governour. Brother *Vergir.*

S. Wil. Brother *George* from *Scillie*, whats the newes?

Governour. That your deare daughter dead and buried
sir, by miracle was thus preseru'd, which at more leisure I
shall manifest: pray ye forgiue her fault, come theres some
wanton blood left yet, saies I, ye will I know, and wrongs
past all remedy, the world must vndergo.

Marie. My *Toures*, the dead dos liue, I am thy wife, *Mary.*

Toures. Or her ghoast, a shadowe or a substance.

Tabitha. Sister I will teach ye a medecine to make a shadowe substance, ly with him to night, as I will with my *Filbon*, & by the morning thinke but what is past, and you will reckon rightly you, hele hold you three to one my medicine's true.

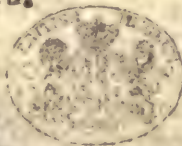
S. Vvil. Methinkes I haue a tickling in my blood crosses
all anger, malediction hence, hence, thou ill temper'd Feare,
this comickall euent seasons the true applause; since welcome
is the word, y'faith, I know not what to say, faine I would, &
yet a lazy lagging apprehends with doubt, but well I know
not what, in me, it lyes to punish or to pardō, I wil be general
ly laught at, once insooth I will. I am a widdower, gallants,
and you meete at marriages, and funerals, so thinke it pray
ye, I abridge all complement, barre all opponents, & resolute
to fauour you, you, you, and challenge from your lou, perswasion
to this purpose, since our fate makes vs the worlds
fond Idiot, be it so youth, and your fortune was prodigious
to it, and my best of spirit, binds vp in this, all is but thank-
lesse merit.

Earle

The History of the two, &c.

Earle. Then Epilogue am I,
Imagine all the world were in your house,
And hearing this report with wondring bra ine,
I thus excuse it, Gentlemen you see how for tune
Fauours in extremity; if any botche vp ill, haue
Shew of good, and is not in thee sequell vnderstood,
Yet beare with all, as this old Knight has done,
Looſing a wife redoubled in a ſonne, what you ſhall
VVant in iudgement, ſeeing this, thinke euery
A ſt is ſubieſt to amiſſe, ſo ſaid, ſo done, will
Bring to true delight, hands meeting thus,
To ſigne this ble ſſed night.

FINIS.



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